SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 47

THE MAIDEN'S LOVE TEST.

BY SHELTON CRAWFORD.

A maiden stood a stream beside,
Wherein the moonlight shimmered;
"Oh tell me, shall I be a bride,
Sweet stream," she said, and shivered.

The streamlet glanced and fanned and danced,
With crystal ripples wimpled;
And to the maiden's fear addressed,
In face with laughter dimpled.

She plucked a red rose from the bough,
And on the streamlet cast it;
"Oh, if it sink," she said, "his vow
No rival can undo it.

"But if it sink—then faithless stream,
My swain is but a rover;
And broken ere is lover's happy dream,
And all life's gladness over."

A ripple overturned the rose
As from the bank it glided;
The blood within her almost from
To see its loss divided.

A day lamp of silver light
She floated, still divining;
And blither, thither through the night,
Its unswerving rays were shining.

"Oh, laugh," she said, "if thou shalt swim,
To ponder basis, nor larry;
He love for me will ne'er grow dim,
And I this year shall marry."

A night-hawk flew with quickest breath,
When from the blasher river,
The trembling lamp in sudden death,
Exting'ushed, she for ever!

The maiden sighed—the maiden wept,
And all the world decried,
Who for love's sake her love'd kept,
By cupid's finger guided.

"You rose," said he, "torn from its stem,
We only born to perish,
But love is that celestial gem,
Which knows itself herself cherish.

"You fairy lamp that shone after,
Was earthlit and it dwindled;
But love is that immortal one
Which blesses itself both kindled."

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—Shelley.

[The story was commenced in No. 49, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XVI.
SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL INSIGHT.

The agonized cry of Eustace roused the Doctor to a sense of the horror of the situation. He became sobered at the dread success of his power, fearing lest Eustace, like a patient under chloroform should succumb to death during this mesmeric syncope. He was in utter awe of the unspoken revelation trembling upon the lips of the sleeper. He burned to know all the secret of Eustace's vision—yet at the same time shrank from its interpretation; and the Doctor was sincere enough to end this frightful experiment as soon as he could. He saw that Eustace was struggling with a nameless fear of identifying the woman whose ghastly appearance terrified him in the dream. So St. Jean with a few touches upon the forehead of the young man, awoke him. Eustace with a conclusive shudder opened his eyes and stared about him.

"Well, boy?" said the Doctor, "Do you remember what you saw?"

Eustace did not reply at first. He appeared stunned. When he found voice, he answered:

"I have a memory of hell and heaven. Elama made the heaven as she stood by my side. That weird woman, the sight of whom with her crazed stare, and glances, froze my blood, made my hell! I dare not recall her or name her. I cannot believe it!"

"Why you did bravely, my boy! bravely, old fellow! How do you feel now? Bay? Was it pleasure or pain?"

"I tell you it was both hell and heaven! The first few mesmeric passes sent me into a sleep, resembling the first stage of anæsthetic intoxication—or rather the first nerve-tingling and delicious effect of nitrous oxide gas—which sets directly upon the blood and indirectly upon the brain. Not like the potent fumes of ether or chloroform, which stimulate and then paralyze the nerve-centres and the heart. The primary feeling of such a condition as mine was, is one of calm delight. But when that woman appeared—I scarcely can call her human—peopled with despair—I was suffocated—I was, like one in the crisis of a nervous fever—when madness supervenes. That part was horrible!"

"But, you know, we absolutely need all the revelation we can get!" said the Doctor, going over to a carved side-board, taking out a decanter and filling a tiny wine-glass with aromatic cordial, "you must get it! You must help us! If you have aught to reveal, it is your duty, no matter how much martyrdom you go through, to reveal it. Take a sip of this sherry!"

Eustace touched his lips to the fragrant wine, and set the glass upon the table.

"Thanks, Doctor," he said, "you know I am ready and willing and anxious to do all I can to unravel the mystery. Elama is one of those tangles, but I must not die in the effort, and I really feel that if I had remained in trance a minute longer I should certainly have died. Some other time I am willing to again yield to the experiment, when I am in better condition. I am very much fatigued this evening, and as usual have been startled in more ways than one up at Burdetton. What do you think of Miss Southgate, not only remembering and playing the music I heard in Egea, but actually remembering a piece performed there which I had not forgotten?"

"Strange enough," replied the Doctor, talking a sent near him, "but not stranger than all the other circumstances with which we have been surrounded of late. She too is susceptible to mesmeric influence, and possibly I could influence her mind to a revelation."

"You would not attempt it, Doctor."

"Why not, boy? Of course I would. Some one of these fine evenings we'll go over to Burdetton together and make the experiment, but I want to ask you one thing upon which I am ravenously curious, tell me the name of the woman you saw in your mesmeric dream."

"I dare not."

"Eustace, this to me!"

"I tell you I cannot! Wait a while, wait till the cloud lifts."

"Could you identify her?"

"Accurately, anywhere."

"Do I know her? Have I seen her? Pray."

"Where?"

"In this neighborhood."

"Has she anything to do with Burdettes?"

"Yes. But I will answer no more of the calculations. You exasperate me. I am going up to bed."

"One word, my boy. You will promise me that after an interview with Hakesworth Sipes to-morrow, you will tell me?"

"I will not promise. The secret is mine. If I see I can use it to advantage, I will confide in you. Otherwise it dies with me. I do not wish to torture innocent people through the testimony of a mere dream."

"But that card-wallet, that hieroglyph—To B. W., from Annie T.' Can you not decipher that."

Eustace pondered a while and then exclaimed:

"Oh, that's not difficult. Respecting the 'B. W.' I am in the dark entirely, but I imagine I have hit on the 'Annie T.'"

"How is that! tell me! What does it mean?"

"It means simply—or else my memory serves me not right—the name of that girl I saw at Burdette's—Annie Templeton!"

"Thunder!" cried the Doctor, leaping to his feet and striking his fist upon the table with a blow that made the glasses tremble, "can it be possible?"

"I am conscious of having guessed right, Doctor! Let us see?"

"Of course you have! Amazingly right!" exclaimed St. Jean, "but it surprises me? Suppose we can trace this card case to this Templeton girl, and thence to somebody else — it does not follow that we are on the track of this mysterious crime. In fact we may be led entirely off the track by it."

"We may and we may not," responded Eustace. "Let us try."

"Was this Templeton the woman who frightened you so in your dream?"

"I tell you that I shall not reveal anything further until I see that circumstances compel me. Let us investigate this matter as far as it goes and see what comes of it. Then we can act upon other motives and you can then use the kind of my dream as you may. We might make ourselves ridiculous by thinking of such a thing just now?"

"I'm sure I can't agree with you," returned St. Jean. "But no matter, we will not quarrel about it. Annie means Annie Templeton, eh? Well, I'll see to getting that wallet, and some evening you and I had better go over to Burdette's and play detective. To-morrow we will see Sipes, and then visit Windthrin at the hospital. If we arrive early enough we may be able to run over to Burdettes."

"You will have to be very cunning to match that girl's cunning, Doctor. If you want her to betray any secret. From what I know of her she's very deep and subtle, and her face is the picture of deceit. Probably I do her wrong, but there can be no harm in watching her movements. After to-morrow I will speak what I know."

"What you know?"

"Yes; what my dream revealed."

"I will wait with impatience till then, my boy. But you are foolishly obstinate, old fellow, in not telling me all about it now. What harm can come of it, pray? Do you imagine I will break faith with you on account of that mesmeric trance? Surely I confide in you, you ought to confide in me. What is to prevent your telling me the name of the apparition you recognized? Do you imagine I have it in my power to discover occult things as you have? Come, boy, tell me?"

"I dare not!" replied Eustace, much moved. "Simply because it worries me dreadfully to think of it. The horrible expression, the uplifted finger, the menacing attitude of that appearance haunts me yet, and I shall dream of it to-night. But if I were to reveal her name I might be doing an injustice. So let us wait."

"You're grown suddenly patient, cool and philosophical, my boy," laughed St. Jean. "Your being in love has done wonders for you."

"I know one thing, Doctor, and that is that I am very much ill! I make another effort to retire. In the morning we will discuss these matters before Mr. Sipes and he may develop the hints we give him to some purpose. Good night."

Eustace arose and shook the Doctor's hand warmly.

"Good night, old fellow," said the Doctor. "Mind, now, no dreaming. You dream enough when you're awake. Go to sleep and sleep soundly and rise refreshed."

Eustace left the room and St. Jean went over to his writing-table and prepared to indite a letter. He had been engaged in writing nearly half an hour when Doctor Bertha entered.

"I will not disturb you," she said.

"Ah! my dear," answered the Doctor, looking up from his unfinished letter. "It is you, is it? Come in, come in."

"I have nothing to say of much account!" she replied as she entered. "I only suppose you heard a noise not long ago and wondered what it was?"

"I'm sure I did not, sister! What was it?"

"Why, you see, Ruffin took it into his head to join a military company a few weeks ago—and to-day being his day off he went to town and came back a little while ago in full regimentals—and none the better for his potations—and encountering Joe, drew his sword and half an hour with poor Bertha entered.

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off a John if you can, Doc, and I know you can.' Pinson did. I went according to from the evidence that into that collared accident in it.' Pinch in, Doc."

Jem and Marvin both laughed at the valubility of the reporter and his comical darting manner.

The other reporters came in and began talking off their coats and sitting down to work, writing very fast on sheets of brown paper, which they would gather up hastily and then rest both into the composing room as if something terrible would happen if they failed to get their "copy" in in time.

Then a little sheet-headed urchin came in and demanded copy.

"Here," said Sipes, "offspring of Khedavate; then goes this sheet and runs back for work. I'll put in enough to last all day." He gave the boy two large handfuls of clipping and manuscript, including his poetry manuscript, which looked like an antique petition, and the boy vanished.

"That's the devil," said Sipes to the Doctor.

"Happy to make his acquaintance," answered Mr. Jean.

"He's young for his Satanic age," suggested Eustace.

"Yes," answered Sipes, "but he's getting over it fast. Here all alone as I look over this bundle and send the boy out for a paper collar, wash my face and fix my hair, I'll light one of your cigars, Doc, and summer down town with you. By the by, how are you and the wife?"

"Of course," responded Dr. Jean.

"I'm glad of it," said Sipes, snapping his fingers, for I haven't. I'll be flush to-morrow though, and then it's my treat, gentlemen. We'll have exactly two miles to ride."

"I didn't know it was so far," said Eustace.

"Oh I you in pretty far," replied Hawkesworth looking up from his work.

When the devil came in again, Sipes gave him more clippings and then told the boy to tell another boy to tell another boy to get him a paper collar in time for the next car. When he arrived, not ever alone from the boy's lady fingers, Sipes, however adjusted it, whistling to himself before a fragment of news paper stuck to the back of his collar, and at the rest of his toilette to his satisfaction, told his visitors that he was "ready for parties."

"Have you heard anything new about that affair?" demanded St. Jean, while Eustace looked at the reporter with a visible anxiety.

"Not a word since what I told you yesterday. The affair's hushed up till I ventilate it, Doc. Then, I give the particulars in the papers there'll be a yell somewhere, you bet."

"Then you haven't seen Windthrim ?"

"No, but we'll see him in less than half an hour."

"It's a curious mystery, why he was attacked. But the card case." Have you that, Mr. Sipes?"

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"I want my friend to see it."

"All right, Doc," answered Sipes, pulling from the pocket with care a parcel wrapped in newspaper. "Here it is, Mr. Marvin," he said, opening the wrapper and displaying the case to the curious Eustace.

Eustace took it and opening it looked at the writing. Sure enough, there was written in blue ink the words: "To D. W., from Annie F."

"The policeman gave it to you?" queried Eustace.

"Yes, sir. The policeman, Jake Beasy, No. 88. He's got his eye on something, too. This thing's going to cost, Doc. Do you know that?"

"I care not what it may cost," returned the Doctor. "I look for a successful development of the whole affair. I shall be present at it by the operation. Mr. Sipes. You have taken a great interest in it and I think you mean to sue for me. We need all the powers of good to punish the perpetrator of such a deed."

"Say nothing more about it, Doc. What I do, I do for the sake of right. I'll do anything to oblige you, you know."

"Thank you! "Well, are we all ready to go?"

"Yes," replied Sipes, putting on his straw hat and taking a slender cane and then lighting one of the cigars he had plagiarized from the Doctor. "Come on!"

They passed through the printing room, Sipes leading the way, and then down the steps and dark stairway until they found the street.

"Is Windthrim seriously injured?" queried Eustace of Sipes.

"He appeared so when I saw him," answered Hawkesworth. "He was very much bruised and seemed to be in intense pain. I suppose Doctor has told you all the particulars of the case?"

"Yes; he told me everything. I am very anxious to find how he is."

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"Well, I have a thing or two, Doc, and when I'm ready I'll ventilate it. In the mean time ignorance is bliss, but we must expect the worst. Here comes Market street car. Here we come."

"So," said Eustace, pulling the eager reporter back and looking as if he had been suddenly frightened—his face was so ashen, his frame trembled so. "Do not take that car. I have up my mind to walk."

The reporter looked at him in amazement. The Doctor laughed.

"Why what's the matter, here?"

"Nothing," replied Eustace. "Only I do not wish to go in that car for a certain reason. There are plenty more. How comes another."

"That way not to limit our time—but no. Are we not in charge of the house without adding more cloud. What ails you?"

The Doctor was really impatient.

"Oh! He only exaggeration, Doctor," replied Eustace with a faint attempt at a laugh. "The fact is I didn't care to ride in car No. 18, because it's an unlucky number."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor. "He's been dreaming of a black cat. Ha, ah, ah!"

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"Yes, but it was something tell me now"

"I will then." Jump on this one, and I'll tell you what it was."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pointer Dogs and Lions

The following is told of a Worcester Granger: For some time past he had been growing fruit, and while the landscape gardening specialty some of his neighbors told him to premise some time and sprinkle it over the vines. He did so, but shortly after his labors were over a rainstorm came up and washed the lime away. He then remembered after he had retired to rest one night, by an indiscriminate noise in his back yard near his potato field. Going to the window, raising it and looking out, he discovered that his yard was filled with the "pesky varmints," and from their lamentable noise he concluded disturbance. "More lime, more lime," he thought, and Pluto grew with horror of the

THE "POET"
(SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING A SPOILERED STORY.)

BY EMMA T. SINCLAIR.

Once more, old Poet, I greet the fate
Of some, to me unknown, old poet;
Wasting thine own and others' time,
Knaves, and believed "Immortal" poet.

Old Poet long since, in brighter days,
Thou hadst a heart and hadst a lyre;
Now, hardened by the cold world's ways,
Thou hast a pen and hast a quire.

Again, old friend, to gladness turn,
Thy fancy-child for me find fresh charms,
Fling down the pen and take the lyre
To sing to me of love in arms.

In lofty verse I shall a bride,
Whose name shall be Love and Love,
Who, rich and radiant as the day,
Comes from, and bright as morning dew.

Then, in the happy noontide hours,
In which we sit and watch the sunlit dells,
You read along, past tower and dome,
Your gift to Editors and Storiettes.

And so, I'm glad to see your face,
Though years have passed, since last we met,
And form and color invade the place
That once apart for you was set.

But never in the coming years,
Shall memory prove to me untrue,
Who faithful was through joy or tears,
So here's a health, old Poet, to you.

Millie Leslie's Secret.

CHAPTER I.

The cathedral bells of Trowchester were ringing for evening prayer. A mellow light had fallen on the west front, while shadows were creeping over the cloisters and throwing the old buildings in the rear into obscurity. No soulless hands had striven to renovate Trowchester cathedral. The north transept alone screened for the purposes of public worship, and if any visitor of antiquarian tendencies attempted to stray towards the nave he was, was at once met by an anxious verger, who represented in him the dancers of his wanderings, and pointed out the positive order of the Dean and Chapter in favor of the quiet of the choir, he arrived, not ever alone from the boy's lady fingers. Sipes, however objected it, whistling to himself before a fragment of news paper stuck to the back of his collar, and at the rest of his toilette to his satisfaction, told his visitors that he was "sesper parates."

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Now, hardened by the cold world's ways,
Thou hast a pen and hast a quire.

Again, old friend, to gladness turn,
Thy fancy-child for me find fresh charms,
Fling down the pen and take the lyre
To sing to me of love in arms.

In lofty verse I shall a bride,
Whose name shall be Love and Love,
Who, rich and radiant as the day,
Comes from, and bright as morning dew.

Then, in the happy noontide hours,
In which we sit and watch the sunlit dells,
You read along, past tower and dome,
Your gift to Editors and Storiettes.

And so, I'm glad to see your face,
Though years have passed, since last we met,
And form and color invade the place
That once apart for you was set.

But never in the coming years,
Shall memory prove to me untrue,
Who faithful was through joy or tears,
So here's a health, old Poet, to you.

Millie Leslie's Secret.

CHAPTER I.

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"Have you heard anything new about that affair?" demanded St. Jean, while Eustace looked at the reporter with a visible anxiety.

"Not a word since what I told you yester day. The affair's hushed up till I ventilate it, Doc. Then, I give the particulars in the papers there'll be a yell somewhere, you bet."

"Then you haven't seen Windthrim ?"

"No, but we'll see him in less than half an hour."

"It's a curious mystery, why he was attacked. But the card case." Have you that, Mr. Sipes?"

"Oh, there's I," said the reporter smacking the side pocket of his vest with his palm "Here she lies snug and sound."

"I want my friend to see it."

"All right, Doc," answered Sipes, pulling from the pocket with care a parcel wrapped in newspaper. "Here it is, Mr. Marvin," he said, opening the wrapper and displaying the case to the curious Eustace.

Eustace took it and opening it looked at the writing. Sure enough, there was written in blue ink the words: "To D. W., from Annie F."

"The policeman gave it to you?" queried Eustace.

"Yes, sir. The policeman, Jake Beasy, No. 88. He's got his eye on something, too. This thing's going to cost, Doc. Do you know that?"

"I care not what it may cost," returned the Doctor. "I look for a successful development of the whole affair. I shall be present at it by the operation. Mr. Sipes. You have taken a great interest in it and I think you mean to sue for me. We need all the powers of good to punish the perpetrator of such a deed."

"Say nothing more about it, Doc. What I do, I do for the sake of right. I'll do anything to oblige you, you know."

"Thank you! "Well, are we all ready to go?"

"Yes," replied Sipes, putting on his straw hat and taking a slender cane and then lighting one of the cigars he had plagiarized from the Doctor. "Come on!"

They passed through the printing room, Sipes leading the way, and then down the steps and dark stairway until they found the street.

"Is Windthrim seriously injured?" queried Eustace of Sipes.

"He appeared so when I saw him," answered Hawkesworth. "He was very much bruised and seemed to be in intense pain. I suppose Doctor has told you all the particulars of the case?"

"Yes; he told me everything. I am very anxious to find how he is."

"We are on a fair way to find out. Sipes

"I have made up my mind to give my best endeavors to ferreting out this scandalous outrage," said St. Jean. "There is nothing that I would not do to get at the root of the trouble. When we do discover the clue there will be no you say, a terrible time in some quarters. I have had suspicions of the Commercial Professor Major, and of one or two of the students; but I imagine when light shall be thrown on the mystery there will be some scampering in a very mixed company."

"Well, I have a thing or two, Doc, and when I'm ready I'll ventilate it. In the mean time ignorance is bliss, but we must expect the worst. Here comes Market street car. Here we come."

"So," said Eustace, pulling the eager reporter back and looking as if he had been suddenly frightened—his face was so ashen, his frame trembled so. "Do not take that car. I have up my mind to walk."

The reporter looked at him in amazement. The Doctor laughed.

"Why what's the matter, here?"

"Nothing," replied Eustace. "Only I do not wish to go in that car for a certain reason. There are plenty more. How comes another."

"That way not to limit our time—but no. Are we not in charge of the house without adding more cloud. What ails you?"

The Doctor was really impatient.

"Oh! He only exaggeration, Doctor," replied Eustace with a faint attempt at a laugh. "The fact is I didn't care to ride in car No. 18, because it's an unlucky number."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor. "He's been dreaming of a black cat. Ha, ah, ah!"

"Permit me to take a note of that Mr. Marvin," said Sipes gravely, pulling out his note book.

"Tell me the truth Eustace," said the Doctor. "Is it possible you avoid taking it a car on account of such a'comic superstition."

Eustace laughed sad said: "I'll tell you some other time. I was nothing."

"Yes, but it was something tell me now"

"I will then." Jump on this one, and I'll tell you what it was."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pointer Dogs and Lions

The following is told of a Worcester Granger: For some time past he had been growing fruit, and while the landscape gardening specialty some of his neighbors told him to premise some time and sprinkle it over the vines. He did so, but shortly after his labors were over a rainstorm came up and washed the lime away. He then remembered after he had retired to rest one night, by an indiscriminate noise in his back yard near his potato field. Going to the window, raising it and looking out, he discovered that his yard was filled with the "pesky varmints," and from their lamentable noise he concluded disturbance. "More lime, more lime," he thought, and Pluto grew with horror of the

THE "POET"
(SUGGESTED BY RECEIVING A SPOILERED STORIETTE.)

BY EMMA T. SINCLAIR.

Once more, old Poet, I greet the fate
Of some, to me unknown, old poet;
Wasting thine own and others' time,
Knaves, and believed "Immortal" poet.

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Hurrying past the cathedral and onwards towards the market-cross came Milly Leslie, the wife of a clergyman officiating at the only chapel of ease in Trowchester. She passed down one of the narrow streets that led to the suburbs, and knocked at the door of a small old-fashioned house with a projecting upper story. An elderly woman who opened the door shook her head sadly as she looked at Milly and led the way up-stairs, where, on her bed, a woman, still young, and with the remains of a refined and delicate beauty on her features, lay dying of a painful illness which had so far yielded in the mortal struggle that a short interval of comparative peace had been granted to her last hours. "Something," said physicians, "had worn Mrs. Lane out." That something was anxiety. It was expressed in her eager eyes and in that restlessness of body which, in some degree, seems to us to lessen the sanctity of suffering.

"Dr. Burrows does not think I shall live till morning," she said, as Milly sat down by her bedside. "Would you be willing, dear child, to warn me when he saw my last hours of suffering approaching, in order that I might not put off till too late what I have to say to you, and Martha to church and come back to me."

The old servant went unwillingly; and Mrs. Lane waited for the closing of the house door before she spoke again.

"You know I have nothing to leave you, Milly," she said at last, "my annuity dies with me. I thank God that you are loved and cared for. Had it been otherwise, my last hours would have been sadder than they now are. Milly!" she asked suddenly, "do you remember your father?"

"Sometimes, mother. I think I do; but it is so long since he died. It must be more than fourteen years ago before we came to Trowchester."

"Milly, he is not dead!"

"Not dead! Oh, mother! where is he?"

"He has been in England for more than a year."

"Why did he leave us? Mother, what mystery have you hid from me?"

"The wretched mystery of my life. Your father's name—it was not Lane—is even now a reproach in men's mouths. By fraudulent means he obtained possession of property which he held in trust for others. Hundreds were rendered beggars by his crime—widows and children, have starved from its consequences. I came here with you, Milly, fifteen years ago, resolved if it were possible to keep you from the knowledge of the evil he had wrought. Incest grew upon me, I cannot tell how, unless it sprung from the love I bore my child. I called myself a widow. I made up some story of my former life that satisfied the people with whom I had been thrown amongst, and I was thankful that its truth had never been called in question when Mr. Leslie asked you to be his wife. Think what the prejudices of his family would have been if the fact of your father being a convict had been known! Even if his attachment to you had induced him to hold to his engagement in the face of the world's opinion, the knowledge of the fact would have destroyed your future happiness. Once indeed, I tried to tell him, but my heart failed me."

"But, oh, mother! it is so unfair, so dishonest—forgive me, it is your affection for me, I know, that blinds you to the wrong-doing."

"I have done it for the best of my own judgment I have a better or truer wife than you, Milly. Why should you suffer for your father's sin? For the sake of my sleepless nights, for the long wearying days and nights that I have been to me as you hope for mercy when you too lie down to die, that you will never tell Robert Leslie what I have kept back from him. I do not ask it on the ground of my own judgment alone. Your father wrote to me a fortnight before your marriage to tell me he had returned a homeless man. My first impulse was to share with him the little I had. Then I thought of the ruin of your prospects from the degradation of his relationship and the hard sentence of the world when it should be discovered. I looked around for a friend in whom I could confide my position. Of all I knew in this place I could only ask advice in this cruel strait of Mr. Warburton."

"Mr. Warcham!"

"As a lawyer and a friend he was qualified to aid me. I wrote to your father upon his suggestion, sending him what little money I could spare and entreating him to remain in London till after your marriage."

"And you have heard from him since, mother?"

"Never—never since. A second letter I sent to the address he gave me was returned from the post office some time ago."

"If Mr. Warcham should betray us!"

"Mr. Warcham promised me secrecy by every thing he held sacred, and I hope, I pray, that he may keep his word."

Milly's head was laid in her hands, but nothing shut out the ticking of the clock that seemed noting only her mother's breathing.

"Promise me, my Milly!" said the faint voice feebly.

And in the descending gloom, with her mother's head pillowed on her arm—hoping that sleep might come to the weary eyelids if she pleaded—praying that she might be forgiven if in so doing she erred—Milly promised never to tell her husband her father's history, never to say or do anything in reference to it, which would alter her position in the world.

Evening prayer had been said and sung. The footsteps of the people had passed through the gates. Martha had left Dr. Burrows at Leslie Lane, and Milly heard her stirring in the room beneath. Softly she stole up to the bedside and opened the door gently, fearing she had been disturbed. Some strange sort of fascination drew her close to the sufferer once again, and he felt an impulse to look upon the face that for days he had kept from her. Perhaps he had it in his power to reconcile himself to the peculiar look of dislike which that generally dull face bore for her. Change was working in him which he made no effort to check. He had no longer to ask her for her love or pity. It might be easy, it might be in the coming hour. Any day she would find herself in his power.

If Milly's greeting was more shy and serious than usual her mother in her absorption in self with a grim satisfaction saw in it only the characteristic of her manner. Mrs. Leslie had one of those natures which never feel sympathize to those with whom they are brought in contact. Such people are usually free from giving to the attentions which are recognized by others. It might form a matter of speculation as to how the such people are independent of the kindness bestowed on a livelier sympathy, or how, in yielding a share of it, they either themselves from some of the purest pleasures of humanity. They grow up around us, and we come to look for signs of interest from them. Mrs. Leslie was a leader in her sphere. And the three-and talked of the schools, and the charities, and the savings bank, and debated whether the chapel walls would require whitewashing in the following half year, and wondered if Mr. Larkins's bequest would be free from legacy duty. And Milly sat and listened and felt as if a web were weaving round her, and that, struggle as she might, she would never be free again.

CHAPTER III.

We can all remember some hours in our past life when the light has seemed brighter, the shadow darker, the joy fuller, and the pain sharper than at other periods. But we have probably passed from inexperience to maturity, and we have learnt to doubt whether any repetition of the circumstances would awaken the sensations which now stand out with such terrible distinctness. In after times, when little children were playing round Milly's knees, and she thanked the Great Giver of Happiness for the full measure she enjoyed, she look backed to the months that succeeded her mother's death with a kind of wonder. Milly, perhaps, had never loved it said and nothing else, and wholly forgotten: she only felt as if she should remember to her dying day all she went through at this time, to the exclusion of sleep and her life.

Warcham was more of a Sybarite than any other man in Trowchester. He lived at the back of his house in order to avoid the din of the market-place, and rose late in the day, so that Milly contrived, when necessity carried her into his nearer neighborhood, it should be at an hour when the master was most unprofessional client would have failed to rouse him from his habitual state of indifference to all but her mother-in-law's. Mrs. Leslie enjoyed nothing better, it was not cold, than to pay entertaining her son and daughter, Mr. Warcham, and two or three of Mr. Leslie's congregation in the evening.

It was until a melodic meeting. The visitors clung tenaciously to their tea-cups, as if they dreaded the interval that must elapse before politeness would permit them to go away; and Mrs. Leslie's thoughts were perpetually wandering back to the early days of her marriage, when the social gatherings of her sect had been of the severest possible character, strangely contrasting with the more demonstrative ones of religious feeling amongst her son's friends. Mr. Leslie invariably declined to avail himself of the opportunities his mother threw in his way of conversation with her daughter-in-law, particular views she loved to hear dwelt upon. In her heart she accused him of undue tolerance of other people's tenets, and of some small sins of omission and commission when he failed to express himself strongly in defence of the opinions of his child-hood. It was on such evenings that all Milly's faults of temper and reserve seemed to have ranged. He wishes to hear from your own lips that you do not hate him as the cause of your mother's sufferings. Of course this could only be to Mr. Leslie's advantage.

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Once more alone, Milly reproached herself for her ingratitude to Mr. Warcham. All the while she had been distressing him he had been doing without a word of thanks, without she would have given everything she possessed not to have left undone. To picture to herself her poor broken father, longing for a few words of kindness from her lips if she dared to herself for not endeavoring to seek him out after her mother's death; at one moment, to long to break her promise, and tell her husband the melancholy story of her life; at the next, how she could hide it from him more completely—such was the current of Milly's thoughts, and bitter and wretched and unavailing they were.

She rose quivers for a moment. He rarely asked her to go out, excepting on those occasions when their being separate would have excited remark, and had been beat with pleasure at the prospect of a walk with him. His preparations were soon made. Again, as they stood in the doorway, she caught his eyes intently bent upon her, and heard voice to hers, she knew not why. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. He had left home for a few days at least half a dozen times before, and yet he had never done so. Well! it was a day of wonders.

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"Not asked him!" said Mrs. Leslie, indignantly. "You would let him preach in a surplice without inquiring whether he had taken leave of his senses. When my son lived with me he never spent an hour without my cognizance. I really wonder at the indifference with which you see him go about his ordinary avocations without attempting to interfere; but to let his leave Trowchester, and not to know what his address is in London; to suffer him to absent himself on a Wednesday evening, long without communicating with him; it is incredible!"

Milly stood in silence. She had been sensibly impressed by her husband's kindness, and was lifting walking out of a soft, warm sleep to the reality of a winter morning to listen to Mrs. Leslie's reproaches. She had not thought of them, and now, as she gathered them in, she felt as if she had been guilty of a crime. Her mother-in-law had it in her power to reconcile herself to the peculiar look of dislike which that generally dull face bore for her. Change was working in him which he made no effort to check. He had no longer to ask her for her love or pity. It might be easy, it might be in the coming hour. Any day she would find herself in his power.

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SELF.

BY JAMES HUNTER M'CULLOCH.

The soul of self is not to separate
The severed handkwork that think and feel;
Such spelling out the legend of the soul
Is but to read its tale in sets of fate!

All-seeing mental eye! with power too great
For time or space to decant an art of hell,
Out of herself she sudden rays reveal
Alas, how little of her own strange state!

The startled image flies, and leaves no trace,
Save such wild relics' drunken when day is
past,
To self-taste look at sight of her own face,'
Spelling out the legend she longer poor.
With all self-mastered it is a sad sight
I Anatomy too deep for sweet sweet.

NINA HAMILTON.

Fair, yes, more than fair was Nina Hamilton and about was more than mere beauty in her bright, child-like face.

The bright blue eye, so speaking in its glance, when once seen was not forgotten, and the smile was one of those whose influence all must feel.

But, beautiful as she was, Nina was a spoiled child, and, as such, oftentimes most unhappy.

She inherited the impulsive feelings of her father and those, long left uncontrolled, had merged into an impetuous and irritable disposition, which occasioned her friends many moments of anxiety.

True, in those, her dark hours, the face so ruect to look upon was clouded and changed, and you scarce believed 'twas the same; yet, when all was passed, all was bright again.

"Nina," exclaimed a clear, childish voice, "Nina, dear sister, Mrs. Lyon says you cannot have your dress for the ball to-night," and the little speaker's bosom heaved as she delivered the message and cast a half-terrified glance towards her mother, who sat near by.

Nina turned quickly round.

"Now, mamma, is not that too bad? After all her promises, when I entreated her not to disappoint me? It is shameful, and I will not employ her again, and now I have no other dress fit to wear. I declare——"

But tears choked her utterance, and she threw herself in a chair, overcome by passion and disappointment.

"Tis, indeed, very vexatious," said Mrs. Hamilton in a kind, motherly tone, "and, dear child; I will go and persuade your father to give you the dress you wished at Moon's. Nay, rouse; you will spoil your eyes."

And she left her with her little sister.

"Nay, dear sister," exclaimed little Ellen, kissing away the tears which trickled through her fingers, "do not weep so papa will, I am sure, give you the lovely dress, and, after all, it is more beautiful than the one Mrs. Lyon is making."

But her childish efforts were repulsed, for poor Nina's impetuous temper had gained the mastery, and she firmly believed that she was a most injured person, and there was no remedy but to give way to her feelings.

She was at length aroused by the entrance of her mother with the coveted dress from Moon's; but the spoiled beauty scarcely deigned to cast a glance on the handsome combination of silk, satin, and ribbon so temptingly displayed by the fond, though erring parent.

Long and soothingly did the mother strive to check the outburst of grief, but her soft tones mellowed by love and sorrow, fell unheeded on her wilful child's ear; and so soon do evil passions distort the medium through which we gaze, that even the much-desired dress failed to call forth any expression of admiration.

Worn out with weeping she sat in moody silence, and when evening approached, prepared, with an ill-grace, at the entreaties of her mother to attend a ball for the last; but even yet the traces of her ill-humor remained, a how here was disarranged, a curl there out of place, and the dress in the morning pronounced so perfectly as it fell, so now so pretty by candlelight as she had thought, It "Nay, Nina, dear, look here," exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, leading her to a mirror, in which her lovely form and face were reflected; "now, one smile, Nina, and there will be nothing wanting."

The tone and manner were irresistible.

The April cloud passed away, and the bright sunlight of a smile gave new beauty to her sweet face

A sigh escaped Mrs. Hamilton as she gazed on her daughter, and a troubled thought for a moment deadened her heart as the future rose before her; but all was forgotten when she heard the buzz of admiration which greeted her entrance at the ball, and she was sought but here and joy in the glance which followed the fairy figure that tripped so lightly through the dance.

'Twas a brilliant assemblage of beauty gathered together at Mrs. Manvers' and lovelier than all was Nina Hamilton.

Admiration followed her every step, smiles and that words greeted her every look, and her lovely lips parted not to enchain a listening audience.

Her mother watched her with eyes to which only a mother's love could give that expression of proud joy, and every sigh for her daughter's wilful temper was forgotten and hushed as she gazed.

"Melville," exclaimed a deep, full voice, "who is that beautiful creature?"

"Where?" inquired the person addressed; "directly opposite? That is Nina Hamilton. Is she not lovely?"

"Beautiful, indeed!" said his companion, rather as if communing with his own thoughts. "Surely no creation of genius was ever more faultless. But tell me, Melville, is she as good as beautiful?"

"Ah! my proud Leonard Grey, do you at her own the spell of beauty—you, who have resisted through distant lands, peopled with pretty faces and brighter eyes, and passed that, unscathed by their influence, you were free, while your humble servant here, more susceptible, scarce recovers one wound ere another is inflicted?"

"Nay, Melville, we will not discuss that point; answer my question."

"Well, my friend of the stony heart, Nina is a good girl, despite her faults, for she confesses a little spoiled and wilful. Rumor makes some bold assertions about her imputuosity, but her parents are, I expect, more to blame."

"In other words, she is ill-tempered," exclaimed Leonard Grey. "You have rendered her plain in my eyes," and he moved off as if anxious to remove her out of the spell of beauty was only too dangerous. But, as where he would, his gaze involuntary sought that face, and watched the changes which passed over its lovely surface, now flushed with merriment and flashing with brilliancy first on one then on another.

* * * * * * *

Two years passed away, and Nina grew, if possible, more lovely and attractive.

Hitherto all had been bright to her, and the spoiled child of fortune revelled in the sweet moments of the present, and gave not one thought of the future.

She deemed not that dark shadows might cross her path, and suffering come upon those whose kindness she so ill-repaid.

Her selfishness made her selfish, and so that the passing moment was pleasant to her she cared not to think of the feelings of others.

But t cloud hung over her which grew darker each day, and Nina learned but too soon that sorrow was in store.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do!" exclaimed a voice of mingled terror and grief; "must all do? Oh, do not tell me the 'goods and ills of life' are equally divided; it cannot be, for surely our lot is more difficult to bear than

But tears choked her utterance, and she sank to the floor, in the utter abandonment of her grief.

"Oh, Nina, my poor child, what will become of you if you thus give way to your feelings? Try, my dear girl, to calm yourself, and listen while I unfold a tale which you must sooner or later learn."

The young girl obeyed, half in terror, half in curiosity, and gazed earnestly into her mother's face as she spoke.

"Nina," she said, "two years since, I little thought to be obliged to break such tidings to you. We were then, as you know, considered, and truly, the wealthiest persons in our town, but your father, led on by the thoughtless advice of others, embarked in a speculation and lost all. He borrowed the money to save our comfort of the family. Her mother is an invalid and Nina is nurse, attendant, seamstress and all."

Why did Leonard Grey hang with such breathless attention on the words of his companion, that the tide of feeling rush with such force to his heart?

There were memories and impressions which he had checked, though not extinguished, and which had vaguely haunted him in his wanderings.

* * * * * * *

"I have glad tidings, Nina," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, one evening; "and now, dear child, I shall no longer see you striving against poverty. Mr. Grey, a gentleman with whom I was acquainted in former days, has offered me a situation, with a salary which will maintain us in comfort at least."

"Mr. Leonard Grey?" asked Nina, with a thoughtful air, as if trying to recall some remembrance.

"The same."

"Oh, I recollect now," she continued; "he was at Mrs. Manvers' ball, and I remember being somewhat piqued that he did not ask her an introduction to me, the spoiled child of flattery. Indeed it is very kind in him, and we had no right to expect it."

"And now, Nina," said her father, "to-morrow we must seek a better dwelling, and you shall go and fit up your mother's chamber."

Was Nina glad? Was there feeling of thankfulness with which she executed her lowelist task, and saw her suffering mother settled in a comfortable dwelling?

The contented and cheerful faces of her father and sister gave new pleasures to her own.

Self was forgotten, and she still watched and tended them with a pure and holy affection.

Friends, if they deserve the name, who had forsaken them when deprived of their wealth, now came forward with affectionate inquiries, and Nina wondered in her heart at the world's changeableness.

She who had so long been forgotten, was now greeted with kind words and gracious smiles.

Proud of his beautiful child, Mr. Hamilton was urgent that she should mingle with society, and, at his entreaty, she one evening prepared to accompany him to a ball.

Attired in simple white, with no ornament but a rose-bud half hid in her luxuriant curls, she entered the ball-room.

Many a heart quickened at the new and beautiful face, and few who gazed once but turned a second glance.

"Nina, let me introduce Mr. Grey," said her father, approaching after a few minutes' absence, accompanied by a gentleman; "you already know how much we owe him, and will, I am sure, thank him for us all;" and the next moment the young girl was pouring forth her gratitude in low words, and her earnest eyes telling in a language stronger than speech the grateful feelings of her heart.

Had she but dreamed how dear those words were to the listener, perhaps they had been less earned, but she spoke from her heart and thought only of her parents and sister.

Work passed. Leonard Grey had become a constant visitor at Mr. Hamilton's, and Nina's heart had learned to throb and her eye to brighten at his approach.

One night he called, and together they wandered forth into the fields, where, throwing himself on the grass, Mr. Gray opened a book and abstractedly turned its pages.

Nina drew some fancy work from her reticule, and appeared to be deeply engaged in its mysteries; all the while she knew that the eyes of Leonard Grey were fully upon her every changes, and her fingers trembled and her face flushed warmly.

Thus they sat for some time, when, feeling he must learn something to break the silence, without raising her eyes, she asked——

"Tell me, Mr. Grey, have they in Italy as beautiful days as this? It is a pleasant idea to fancy that the sunshine must more brightly here, as if smiling on our land of freedom"

"Nay, they could never be as beautiful to me, and shall I tell you why?"

Struck by his unusual words she raised an inquiring glance at his face.

"Because," he continued, "here they possess the inestimable charm of being enjoyed with you—nay, do not interrupt me, Miss Hamilton, but hear me patiently, while I give utterance to feelings I can no longer conceal.

That I have you deeply and wholly you must have perceived. Long has that affection begun years ago you have yet to learn.

"Do you remember the hall at Mrs Manvers'? It was there I first saw you and can scarcely avoid a smile at the impression your beauty made on me. You were then the wealthy Miss Hamilton, and the reigning queen of ball and fete.

"I was a friend I learned you were a spoiled and wilful child, and though he spoke leniently of your faults, I was under the impression you were an ill-tempered beauty. I cast you, as an idol, from my heart, and there it never after went abroad, where I remained four years.

"But go where I would, the memory of your face would cling to me in spite of my endeavors to cast it off. Soon after my return I saw you again and found that you had been chastened by your sufferings.

"I determined to render every assistance to your father in my power, and by the aid of your mother, succeeded in obtaining the situation which now occupies. I have known you but to love you more deeply than words can tell. Say, will you not make me more than happy by receiving me as your husband?"

With a smile, she turned her blue eyes to his face, and frankly placing her hand in his replied——

"Then, Leonard, is the hand you sue for, and I only wish that the heart was more worthy than you have with it. Such as it is, it is yours forever. I have been a wilful girl, but I trust the lessons I have experienced will ever retain its influence. Reared in the lap of luxury, my parents deemed it impossible to refuse a wish of their petted child. Impatient—child! Now acquiesce in the change which has taken place in my fortunes, and I will be grateful."

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It was a bright day in spring that two gentlemen walked into one of the most fashionable shops in the town, and continued in earnest conversation, so earnest, indeed, that they marked not the entrance of a lady—for such her air and mein betokened her, though her dress indicated poverty, and it was not until she turned that the younger of the two exclaimed—

"Pshaw! Leonard, there is a face which, in my eye, possesses more beauty than all the sunny beauties and bright eyes of Italy, down which you rave. I would that you took a glance of that sweet eye than gaze on Venice, Rome, or all the classic spots on the the globe."

And perhaps his companion thought so too, for a deep blush mounted to his brow, and he gazed with a fixed admiration on the unconscious girl as she made her purchases, little dreaming that she was the object of such attention.

"Do you know her, Angus?" exclaimed Mr. Grey, as she left the shop. "I once saw a face strangely like here, and would fain know if it is the same."

"It is Nina Hamilton," said his friend, "the daughter of the once wealthy Hamilton. By some unfortunate speculation he became almost beggared, and now maintains his family in a comfortless dwelling enough near by But he is rich enough in the possession of such a daughter, for Nina, from being the spoiled and petted heiress, has proved the stay and comfort of the family. Her mother is an invalid and Nina is nurse, attendant, seamstress and all."

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FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, May 26th, 1877.

What with this maddening rain which has come like a thunderbolt upon the French people, the dark, and uncertain like war which is raging in the East and the gloomy weather with nothing but rain, rain, rain it is enough to dampen one's spirits into all endeavour, and crush best effort even "all the hopes of the world." I suppose that in anticipation of the lovely month of May the lovelest of all months in this great city of Paris.

M. Jules Simon seems to have fallen into a good avalanche in our midst, and by the bold, and seemingly unconstitutional act of the Chief Magistrate

It is impossible to forbid the result of all this, or forecast the future, which we hide full of danger. The present has been vouchsafed to us, and it is that with which we have to do.

Under no absolute form of government the chief of state is the cause of conflicts one step in and ever throw his ministry, but under the existing government the ministry is responsible to the chief of the territory itself city, and a change in the Cabinet can only be brought about by votes in the Legislative Chamber.

It is the former which Marshal MacMahon has done, but was the country becoming, or is the country becoming, ripe for it? I think not. The country is not yet ripe for it. The country is not yet ripe for it. The country is not yet ripe for it. The country is not yet ripe for it.

The die is cast. The medaille d'honneur for painting at the salon has been awarded to Jean Paul Laurens for his "Mort de Moreau," and that for sculpture has been taken by M. Chapu for his Pomme and the statue of Bertyer, who is the greatest French sculptor since Rude.

The Prix de Salon, is awarded to Bouguereau for his Pieta for his turquoise. It is a strong, lithe, supple figure in the nude, and is very much like a piece of sculpture, has been wonderfully successful with his Vallada. Nothing can be more imposing than the recumbent figure of the dead Vandyke as she looks out on the waves and fancies she has the power of dominating the elements in their fury. The thing dead is noble, with nothing of the mawkish prettiness M. Ingallbert (sans Prix de Rome—best relief of Adam and Eve, is worthy of study. It is in clay, and is very much admired. It is to be copied, however, whose bronze and head are a study. The father an unfortunate looking object.

I must not forget the Achille au Repos of Lafosse (Prix de Rome). It is worthy of the antique. The figure is full of life and vigor, and the nude by the way by the nude they have in their pictures in the salon, it is gratifying to know that no less than 2,000 pictures have been sent in, and that the "promised land," which proves that young Amerit artists are making great progress.

Whether all this trouble in the country will effect the coming exhibition it is impossible to say. A Legitimist remarked to me that the exhibition would take place in the Champ de Mars, and that they will exhibit but France herself.

On the other hand it is said that the Palace now in course of construction for the exhibition grounds is finished for a fortnee, and even good far as to assert that it would accommodate one in all its appointments Nous verrons!

The war in the East is still waging, but of course I could not attempt to write of it, for there is not yet room enough to write of it. I hear that there is not likely religious persecution without the least benefit to Christians in Turkey. It is not to have discovered that Abdul Hamid is not the personal friend of the Sultan, and that the cruelty of the Mahometan.

I visited to-day the Hotel, residence of Mrs Paris Emma Crich, which is well known by reputation throughout Europe, and to very many American. It was built originally for one of the Napoleons, and is the most part of the elegant furniture. This hotel is beautifully situated near the Champs Elysees, and overlooks the Seine, and is a most gorgeous and expensive style.

The curtains on the doors leading to the salons are of the costliest description, richly embroidered in gay colors and gold. An entire service, all in silver lined with gold, is on the table in the salon adorn the buffets in the Salle a Manger, which is furnished with all the appointments requisite to the most recherche dinner. The walls of the salon, lightened in garnet satin, here and there, decorated with pieces of statuary in bronze named ornamented and table pieces of special alabaster pedestals and walls artistically frowned. The Petit Salon" is in light green satin and silver and adorned also with pieces of statuary in marble and intaglios.

The effect on entering the "Chambre a coucher" is of once charming and delightful. The walls of the walls are hung in black satin, the curtains covering of the bed, and those of the windows are all of black satin, handsomely trimmed and festooned with yellow A large mirror encased in a frame of some percussion, and satinette bed of silver, and the dressing table is also of the costliest in marble in some of the others of the room. The dressing room is hung in cherished colored satin, and the bed is of the same color, and is a perfect bed of rest, and the dressing table is also of the costliest marble, inlaid with gold. The bedroom is a perfect fairy scene, and the bath room is also handsomely furnished with exquisite containing incommendable valuable objects of art.

General visited to be during his stay in London, the guest of the United States Minister, Mr. Pierrepont. A grand reception is to take place at his residence in Sun Francisco. He has had his medal now last fixed upon the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and is now entitled to wear another decoration to it of gold. In the center of the medal is the head of the Emperor, and on the reverse a wreath of laurel, and in the center the inscription, "Valeur et Discipline." The ribbon is red, but with a green edging on it. He received this medal for his gallant conduct at the battle of Solferino.

On the occasion of the visit of the Queen of England to Paris, in 1855, the Emperor Napoleon III. conferred upon his distinguished guest the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the Queen conferred upon the Emperor the Order of the Garter. The Emperor wore the ribbon of the Garter, and the Queen that of the Legion of Honor.

The Prince of Wales, in addition to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, has received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and the Duke of Edinburgh the Grand Cross of the Bath.

The Duke de Magenta, President of the French Republic, has received the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the Duke of Edinburgh the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor

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Herald Building, 81 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1877.

PASSAIC TYPES.

The subtle distinctions of character, the differences in mental quality between men, are all to be delicately read in the human face, and in the configuration of the features and skull. Phrenology may or may not be true; it has nothing to do with the present idea of this article, which is to support an argument in favor of the truth of that or well-understood theory, the theory of facial types as indices of human character.

Alleged cases of mistaken identity are quite common where it is believed that there exist individuals possessing exactly the same type of face, and exactly the same detail of type. This is not so. No two persons ever looked exactly alike. There are subtle marks by which the expert in physiognomy can detect the differences in the slightest degree which exist in humanity and which show themselves very plainly on the face. A person, who has never had the experience necessary to judge, would say that all sheep and all horses look alike. They resemble one another as much as one man resembles another; but even in the inferior animals there are distinguishing traits of physiognomy by which a horse dealer knows the mental capacity of one horse as higher or lower than another, and can recognize a horse actually by its face.

The size of the human head does not mark, as a rule, the size of the brain. It is the size of the brain which marks the capacity, but the shape of the head has everything to do with the shape of the character, temperament and genius of the individual. The case is illustrated in the skull where the head is very much flattened on the top in the region of the brain, and the eyes changed in shape.

The nose is really an index of character. Much has been written on this subject of the nose as the development of the brain, and of its value in great heads. Certainly a large nose is indicative of strength, physical and mental, though there may be exceptional cases where it is not found so. But certainly a nose in proportion to the rest of the face, viz., one-third thereof, is a normal and fair index of the breath and size of the brain behind it, and the same may be said of the forehead, another third part. An inordinately large forehead is abnormal. In a bale the forehead is more than half the face. As the head enlarges, this region is not reduced, but the face grows larger in the region of the jaws, and the forehead becomes only a third instead of a half.

The eye is a wonderful index of soul and character. Its shape, color, position, are all indicative of the brain which looks out from it. In fact, Lavater's theory is being put to the crucial test of scientific experiment, and physiognomy is being developed into a true science and a science every way as high as metaphysics and of much higher advantage to man; for if we can in the future read character written on the face, in spite of its many masks, we shall have accomplished a most useful task and have spared ourselves much tribulation of mind and lastly, through a knowledge of our so-called friends and a positive detection of our enemies.

A NEW PHASE OF HUMOR.

A great want of the American people just now is a new phase of humor. They have had Mark Twain, Bret Harte, the Danbury News man, and Ute Burling-ton Hawkeye man until they are utterly sick both of their style and of the paltry they present as food for laughter. They want something novel and fresh in the comic vein, and will not rest satisfied until they get it. The time has come when old jokes pressed will hardly raise a smile even when uttered by the end man of a minstrel show, and when the average American citizen who reads the papers cries out for a change in his daily humorous diet.

It is idle to expect that the new phase of humor will come from the literateurs, properly so called. They have, as the saying is, "other fish to fry," and, as a rule, are too much of the gloomy side of life to originate any very startling comic novelty. Whence then shall the blessed invention come from? Why, from the journalistic ranks, of course. The newspaper fraternity gave the country Artemus Ward, and it can produce another humorist and another school of humor just as original when his or her hour of its dawn. The compositor of the press are full of droll ideas, and the reporter's wit, though generally bad, is sometimes quite the reverse.

But our people will not quarrel about who shall originate the new phase of humor, so that somebody originates it. The work, however, must be done quickly, or relief will come too late, and the American public will be so disgusted with the vile puns and wretched, far-fetched jokes of the present school of humorists that they will not listen to the champion of another, even if he should come duly accredited from old Mahmes himself.

SHORT STORIES.

It may seem strange to the unthinking, but it is nevertheless, a fact that it is more difficult to write good short stories than to compose interesting and readable novels. But slight reflection will be necessary to prove conclusively the truth of this assertion. The practiced writer is full of ideas, and requires ample space in which to express them. The trouble is so to condense those ideas that a clear conception of them may be given in two or three ordinary newspaper columns. To do this they must be shorn of all redundancy, and, at the same time, their entire strength and beauty must be preserved. Besides, a short story, as well as a lengthy novel, must have plot, exciting incidents, and characters must be elaborated, and proper dialogue introduced. All this is easy when the writer has three or four hundred pages of manuscript to work on, but when twenty-five pages constitute the limit, it is not in any means such plain sailing. At this point, what may be called the greatest art of the fiction-writer is brought into play.

Charles Dickens, whose magnificent novels will last whilst the English language remains, could not write a short story with any degree of success, and what he called his short stories are, in reality, little novels. Thackeray, too, was a failure as a short story writer, and Bulwer was not happy in any of his attempts in that direction. Nathaniel Hawthorne, on the contrary, was the prince of short story writers. His novels, or, as he modestly styled them, his romances, were good, to be sure, but it was in brief tales that he excelled. Take that glorious little narrative, "The Snow Image," for instance, or that equally beautiful story "The Silvery Veil," and where shall we look for that exquisite delicacy of touch Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer were great writers, very much greater than humble Nathaniel Hawthorne, but they had not his power of condensation, and their full value cannot be fairly estimated where he succeeded in the short story field. Charles Reade is another novelist who cannot write a short story, and the famous Captain Marryatt was another. James Fenimore Cooper would have shivered with fear had he attempted the dumfounding a two-volume tale, but genial Washington Irving liked nothing better, and his short stories remain an imperishable monument to his genius. Poe could not write a novel, but he was happy in the art of composing brief tales of the highest literary merit, as witness his "Mystery of Marie Roget" and "The Murder in the Rue Morgue."

In fact, it would seem that the writing of really excellent short stories is an art of itself, an art which few professional authors can attain. But where the old hands fear to attempt, or attempt only to fail, legions of Quixotic amateurs fearlessly flesh their quills, and the result is an overwhelming flood not of short stories but of trash.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

England evidently believes in taking time by the forelock. Hence she is quietly preparing for any possible contingency which may involve her in the present Russo-Turkish war. The total number of soldiers ready for service in the British Islands was only 99,000 on the 1st of January, 1876. Of these there were in round numbers, 68,000 in England, 22,500 in Ireland, less than 4,000 in Scotland, and under 2,000 in the Channel Islands. In the event of England's sending troops abroad, less than 50,000 would be a very small army, and it would be difficult to supply their place in home service. The necessary number would have to be drawn from the militia, the yeomanry calvary, the volunteers, and the expelled pensioners. The latter are, of all ages, from middle to advanced life. Notice has been given to all pensioners, not more than fifty-six years of age, to appear for eight days' drill at the various district barracks throughout the United Kingdom. This may produce a force of 15,000 veterans capable of garrison service.

Did any one, who is in the habit of attending public banquets, ever notice how few of the after-dinner speakers amounted to anything? They fulfill their task, to be sure, but what after all, does it say? Simply nothing, and that, too, in the most commonplace and uninteresting fashion imaginable. But, now and then, an after-dinner speaker appears who seems to have entered the business to an absolute art. Such a person was the late Charles Dickens, whose after-dinner speeches reached the point of almost entire perfection. "All," says The London World, "was polished with that concealed skill which is the greatest skill; all was neat, dexterous, pointed and naturally antithetical. Humor and pathos were alternately conveyed in the subtle inflections of the voice. Whatever the occasion, whatever the company, whatever the comparisons which the company might provoke, Dickens never failed to realize in his performance the standard of consummate excellence. His last speech in public, that at the Academy dinner of 1870, was his best. What could be more exquisite than such a touch as this? "Since I first entered the public lists, a very young man indeed, it has been my constant fortune to find number among my nearest and dearest friends, members of the Royal Academy who have been its grace and pride. They have so dropped from my side, one by one, that I already begin to feel like the gloomy monk of whom Wilkie tells, who had grown to believe that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and that all the moving life he saw, or ever had seen, was a shadow and a dream." However mixed or however selected his audience, Charles Dickens always fixed its delighted attention."

And now it transpires that the Latin language is not a dead tongue after all, but that it is the vernacular speech of the people of Roumania. The present European war has brought this fact prominently into notice. On this topic the Pittsburgh Leader says editorially: "This land of Roumania is the largest of Turkey's European provinces, and is known to the Turks as Roumelia, a name signifying Roman land. The ancient Latin tongue has, of course, been somewhat altered in the long lapse of time, but of late years the Roumanians have been making important steps toward restoring it to what it was in the days of Cicero and Virgil. They have discarded a somewhat barbarous system of characters or letters, and adopted the old Roman alphabet, and are making strong efforts to get back all the old methods of conjugating and declining the words, just precisely as they were taught in the Roman schools in the times of the Cæsars."

Every year, as soon as the hot weather sets in, people get afraid of hydrophobia, and a war of extermination is declared against the dogs. The poor animals generally have few defenders, and hence it is somewhat refreshing to find the Hartford Times thus coming to their rescue: "There is a reasonable and unreasonable side to this dog question. It is reasonable in this state of affairs to put dogs under some restraint. The people are right. But there should be no silly 'scare' and no wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of the dogs. There are dogs who are as intelligent, and more noble, than some of the human beings who clamor for their indiscriminate destruction. The owners of dogs would intelligently watch them, to note any change in their actions and demeanor, every dog threatened with the disease could be safely taken care of before the actual appearance of the disease itself. When a dog begins to skulk into corners, and manifest crossness and unnatural actions, for a day or two together, it may be pretty safely inferred that he is not a safe dog to keep in the house, nor is he safe on the streets; but if one such case occurs in every hundred dogs—which is hardly the case—is that a good reason for going into a frenzy about it, and killing all dogs indiscriminately?"

Boston is worried about the poisonous colored candies that are sold in her confectioners' establishments, and is taking means to effectually prevent their further sale. It would be well if other cities and towns in this country followed the Hub's example in this respect. The effects of these pernicious candies is widespread and its harmful results can scarcely be calculated. In every quarter of the land there is hardly a child who can obtain a penny who does not take a portion of candy to school. There are hundreds of frequenters of places of amusement who never venture into an auditorium without a cornucopia of bonbons, and there are very few who do not carry in their pockets candies of one description or another. Many of these candies are tempingly colored with arsenite of copper, sugar birds have red eyes made by dissolving red mercury, and lemon drops have tinged with chromate of lead. There is poison in almost everything we eat; and we are not astonished that the authorities of Boston should have become alarmed at the contemplation of the havoc that the confectioners have been producing among them, and should have determined to put a stop to them by arresting the perpetrators.

It is said that the practice of employing blind persons as tuners of the pianoforte is growing largely in this country. In Boston, where people in all branches of trade are remarkably quick in taking advantage of everything that seems to promise a profit, this is especially the case, and has been so for a long time. A very slight drink, usually taken in small quantities, at the end of a set dinner, to correct the tone of the stomach. It brings in millions of francs a year to the convent of Chartreuse, in France. Part of the profits being retained by the monks, the rest is sent to the Pope. The secret of making Chartreuse has now been known for the last three centuries to the monks. The receipt is kept carefully sealed up under the chief altar, and the whole coffer in which it is contained is opened only when a new General is elected. Chartreuse has but a limited sale in this country, and its high cost will always stand in the way of its popularity here.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city, "At Home and Abroad, or Now and Then," by Edward A. Thomas. This story receives its name from the rivalries of a number of young men in a small profession in the town of Glen Lyan, in the vicinity of Chicago. The plot, which is a good one, is well worked out, turns on the murder of a man named Eldelroy, and the efforts to discover the assassin. The characters are well drawn, and the Glen Lyan limbs of the law. There is, of course, a love plot intermingled with the story of the murder. Price 50 cents. The typographical execution of the book is quite attractive. The tale is written in good style, and is altogether a readable story. "Swords' Points" is neatly printed, and handsomely bound in muslin. One volume, 12 mo., 385 pages. Price $1.50.

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, of this city, "A Practical Treatise on Lighting Protection," by Henry W. Spang. This work, which has just been published, contains much interesting and valuable information for all, which is especially addressed itself to scientists and property-holders. It treats of electricity and its various discharges, exposes the defects of the lightning-rods now in use, and gives plain directions for the proper protection of buildings, ships, bridges, telegraph poles, etc. The work is in one volume 12mo. cloth, 180 pages, and is illustrated with numerous cuts. Price $2.00.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, have issued "Norton's Heir," a fascinating romance by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the talented authoress of "Fashion and Famine" and numerous other popular volumes. "Norton's Heir" is fully up to Mrs. Stephens' elevated standard of composition, and is really one of the best stories that we have recently read. It has a strong and deeply interesting plot, which is gradually unfolded with a master hand. The characters are most vividly drawn, and the charming descriptions of scenery of the southwest, will serve more effectually as a guide-book than "Norton's Heir" is intended to be, but that is not the fault of the author, and it is unnecessary to say that all fiction lovers ought to read. It is printed in large type on good paper, and is bound in morocco cloth. One volume, 12mo., 541 pages. Price $1.75.

Moses, S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have published a new and improved edition of Professor John S. Hart's "Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Northmen of the Tenth Century. The object of this work is to prove that Columbus did not discover America, but that the honor belongs to the old Northmen. It has also a supplementary design which is to make some interest in the people, the literature, and the early institutions of Norway and Iceland. Professor Anderson has performed his task intelligently and well, and his little work is full of novel information. One volume, 12 mo., 160 pages. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. have also issued Major Henry H. Boyd's "Pocket Manual of Rules of Order for Deliberative Assemblies," which is undoubtedly one of the best parliamentary manuals in the English language. Presiding officers of conventions and other assemblies will find it invaluable, as an arrangement is complete, and its information readily available. It is in one small volume of 192 pages, and includes a table of contents and index. It is bound durably in cloth. Price 75 cents a copy.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, have put forth a highly interesting volume entitled "Camp, Court and Siege," by William Hoffman, Lieutenant-Colonel Fifth Regiment United States Volunteers, and Secretary United States Legation at the Hague. The work is a graphic and striking narrative of personal adventure and observation during two wars, namely, our own civil struggle from 1861 to 1865, and the Franco-Prussian war of 70 and 71. The portions of the book relating to the warfare in the South are full of interest. Mr. Boyd's "Pocket Manual of Rules" will, we think, prove a valuable addition to every library. From the same firm we have a neat romance by G. Daughaus, entitled, "Gay Lady White Witch," which will also be found pleasant reading. This is No 485 of the library above alluded to. Both these novels are bound in paper covers. Price fifty cents each.

PERSONAL.

The Parisians call Dom Pedro "the Emperor who is always on."

The Princess of Wales returned from Greece to London this week.

Lord Clarence Paget was visiting institutions in Chicago last week.

Dom Pedro in Paris went to see Marat's house. He misses nothing.

Gov. Robinson receives the State Prison Association at Albany to-day.

Oliver Cotter's detective force caught 25 liquor sellers in Brooklyn last Sunday.

Grant is still accepting the flood of invitations which pour in upon him from all quarters.

Bismarck's daughter Marie is soon to marry the Count Schuler, one of the handsomest men in Berlin.

Richard G. Norton, of Madison, Wis., claims to have made the first photographic convention in America.

Fitzhugh now has some doubts about "being a happy man," etc., since he has read about Grant in England.

E. M. Sherbohn, of Lykens, is the heaviest man in the Pennsylvania coal mines. He weighs 300 pounds.

The hotel clerk who was told to register Gall Hamilton at West Point, wrote down the name "Mr. Hatch."

G. A. C. Smith, government architect, discovers that the Pittsburgh post-office building is very imperfect.

D. H. Walls is chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Cotton Exchange for the coming year.

Thomas Gale, reeds keep," says Chief Justice Warren, of Boston, to young lawyers who are fond of "flowery" language.

Arthur C. Wilson, of New Hampshire, has been married a little while over eight months. The last victim was only 15 years old.

As the English government would not buy Marshall Wood's statue of Hebe, he has left it at Madrid to be paid for by subscription.

Senator J. R. McPherson, of New Jersey, is much interested in an improved cure for stopping leaks, and has been using it on himself.

The hands in the United States Watch Company's works at West End, N. J., refused to work on Monday because they were not paid $3,000 in back.

According to the new Brooklyn directory there is but one gentleman in that city. He is noted as "gentleman Francis, laborer, 313 Sevins street."

William Henry Harrison is running a railroad train on the Pennsylvania, of which he is president. Tecumseh Francis, laborer, 313 Sevins street."

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HARD TIMES AT HOME.

BY M. A. B.

Those are hard times in store at home, Ben,
Our father seems cast down,
And mother looks so pale and thin
And sad as her locks grown.
We oftentimes go hungry, Ben,
The little ones do cry,
And what the end of it will be
The wisest cannot tell.

We're the oldest of the flock, Ben,
Two brawny lads and strong,
And we will have to work the place
And sleeve ourselves too long.
We are taking the first down below, Ben,
I say it to our shame,
And making out the latter days
Of granny, old and lame.

Let us strike out the ourselves Ben,
And fall in love with work,
And mother's heart will be glad,
But then we mustn't shirk.
True, we have to leave school to-day, Ben,
Our reading reads and lists,
But that's our part in the family gain,
Than weary a lad her be.

They'll be better times at home, Ben,
The health will gather round,
The little ones be better fed
When we shall work and earn our meat,
And father, too, will look up Ben,
And mother's heart be glad.
Then let us strike out for ourselves,
You'll ne'er be sorry, lad.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Woman's Vow," "Wrong from the Grave," "Husband of Which," &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XX.
(CONTINUED.)

There were other horrible expressions and insults which added the unfortunate woman's pride at last, and when a fitting escort and money was sent out to her, bidding her take her departure forever, back to the city of her shame, she bowed her head and accepted the decree in silence. Back in Mexico she would have retired from the world forever, but for her child. She had a few friends here, and they persuaded her that it was her duty to struggle on for his sake.

Here, for some years, refusing to accept assistance from the man who had thus shamefully cast her off and unfriended, she led a miserable existence, in abject poverty; yet ever struggling and still maintaining the respect of those who knew her intimately. Ashleigh Cushing would have taught her that duty to believe that she had fled in disguise with a paramour, and growing more and more vindictive in his resentment at last obtained a divorce and married a third wife, who how ever did not survive him.

Don Carlos had sought out Inora Cushing and again urged the claims of his love, but the church in which she had been reared would not allow a "woman who had been put away" to marry again, and thus, with a sorrow of which no one ever knew the depth she bade him good by forever and clasping her little boy, Malvern, to her bosom wept over him with breaking heart, and told him that he was henceforth to be her only solace in life until the boy's responsibilities would call her positive as her own, and his mother became the single idolatrous object of his love.

About this time Julian Heath was smitten by the hand of death, and under the terror of a guilty conscience for the poor widow to make his last confession. She heard him in patient sorrow. But it is said when the boy, Malvern, had listened to the sad story and could not but remembered what untold suffering it had entailed upon his mother, like Queen Ros with the dying contess who had kept back the secret of her birth from Lucy Eneyn's hands, he seized him almost with a murderous violence, shook him in his bed, and prayed that death might not take him away until he had had time to wreak vengeance through the law, and that he would hunt the earth over until he found his accomplice.

After this the morbid melancholy of mother and son increased day by day. While she had imagined that she had made all the sacrifices for an erring brother's sake, she had borne her burden with comparative meekness, but now, when she knew that she was cruelly treated, and defrauded of her rights on all sides, the iron had entered into her soul, and her whole nature screwed changed into the very gall of bitterness. No longer a model of patience and forbearance taught her boy; but day by day she instilled into his young and impulsive nature feeling of the intensest hatred towards all, especially in whose veins flowed a drop of kindred blood, until the child indeed began to look upon them with an aversion strong as that which Hamlet entertained toward the Romans.

She thought that he was to be left in poverty and destitution, made love to Carlotta as a hungry lioness for her cubs, and on her death-bed she made him swear by his hopes of meeting her in the world to come, that he would one day go back to Mexico and all who might claim to the home where he was born, possess himself of it in her name, though like Rhoderic Dhu he should have to possess and hold it by violence.

And this was the one ambition with which the boy had grown to manhood. He had hunted down George Lovelace, the accomplice of Julian Heath. The former had spent all the money which he had so unjustly obtained, and young Malvern, with his fingers clutched about his throat, forced him to pay him just double the amount, on pain of instant strangulation.

With this money he had attended the finest colleges open to the sons of gentlemen, and had labored with the earnestness which was henceforth to characterize his every action, until he had attained an eminent success, giving promise to rank in the future among the most scholars of his time.

And this was the hour of his life when he was reflecting upon the necessity of assuming at once, the solemn charge laid upon him by his dead mother, he met and loved Valeria Gomez.

We have told how the girl of his boyish heart had been here choked for a time, and he had taken leave, as he supposed, forever of the woman whose love had appealed to him as he had believed nothing in the world would ever do again.

Malvern Cushing returned to the border life of his paternal kindred, and appeared in Nuevada, and there he found the descendants of the home of his nativity and dubbed it Castle Dare. The young man demanded its surrender, and as may have been imagined was indignantly repulsed. Then he commenced the reprochen thrown out against his mother. This was sufficient to rekindle the flames of his wrath if they had been so disposed to slumber. He turned away vowing the direst revenge, and he had kept his word.

Malvern Cushing became the chief of a larger band of incredulous confederates than had ever been imagined. James Dare had been drawn into fatal speculations, and agents of Malvern Cushing had bought up his notes.

When the time for a final settlement had come, and the disinherited man believed that he had nothing to do but to take possession of this coveted homestead, it was found that a marriage contract had secured "Castle Dare" and other valuable properties to the wife, Beatrice, and to Iola other her. It was at this point that some violent measures were pursued which had never yet been exactly understood, by which the border chief, Malvern Cushing did obtain possession of the estates, by some underhand work of William Whitfield. Iola had been horrified of to the soul so we have seen, to avoid exposure from which it appeared her own father could not protect her. The father had recently died, and the mother disappeared, how no one had as yet been able to discover.

Malvern Cushing was beginning to find that fair means would not accomplish his ends, and silencing his conscience he had selected powerful and unscrupulous allies, and in the end he made known his general wishes. These men were fearless in daring, and swift in execution, and if his purposes were carried out, he was of late beginning to think it was least not to inquire too closely into the measures which were adopted.

Some two years prior to the opening of our story, as he was beginning to enjoy the sort of domination which he held, and to feel that it was best for him to be alone, Valeria Gomez appeared before him. Her father and mother were both dead, and their property being confiscated, she had come to him for protection. If he still loved her, she could be his wife, if not, let her become as one of his hired servants. Malvern Cushing's conduct was deserving of praise. He told her that as other living woman could ever take her place in his heart, but, in justice to her, he must tell her that the world regarded him now as little else than a robber chief, and he offered to send her under safe escort to whatever place she might prefer, and to furnish her with all means of support until fortune should open to her a more successful mode of living.

Valeria declared that whatever his life or dangers might be, if he preferred it, she would be only and always proud to share them, and they were married.

This brief outline of the lives of the host and hostess with whom Iola Dare found herself so unexpectedly quartered.

CHAPTER XXII.
IOLA'S CONVALESCENCE.

Junietta's prediction proved but too true. When she entered Iola's room, on the following morning, she found her raving in delirium, demanding to be let out of prison, and calling piteously on her mother.

The girl hurried to her mistress' room, and apprised her of the young lady's condition. Both Malvern Cushing and his wife—though perhaps from opposite causes—seemed to manifest the greatest concern, when the peculiarly dangerous nature of the girl's attack became apparent.

Valeria herself, while at school in Europe, had after the prevailing fashion of day, attended several courses of medical lectures, so that she was in every measure prepared to treat disease, and Iola felt, for a week or more, almost exclusively to her charge.

At one time Valeria considered her so dangerously ill that she proposed to dispatch a messenger to Callville, for the purpose of calling in an old and successful practitioner there, for consultation. But Malvern Cushing opposed this. He was unwilling for the surroundings and precise whereabouts of the child's wife to be looked into by any stranger. Both Valeria and the patient, he recognized, were women who would arouse an interest that might lead to unpleasant speculations and inquiry among the people in the surrounding country, and this he had his own reasons for wishing to avoid. The peculiar location of his residence had hereto fore usually favored him in this respect, it being some eighteen miles to the nearest habitation.

It was a hard fought and a long dubious battle. At one moment Iola seemed sinking with resistless terror into the arms of the hideous monster Death; at another, angels would breathe upon her and she would rally, but imperceptibly and with out any of every suffering whether of the mind or body.

In those hours of vigil, when the poor girl would speak of "home" and the innocent joys of childhood, Valeria's own soul would be deeply moved, and the tears would stream down her lovely face. From the bottom of her heart she pitied the fair young creature, thus cruelly doomed to an obituary dying against every inclination of her own nature, until she had determined, even at the risk of incurring her husband's temporary displeasure, to use all her influence to induce him to forego his apparent by relentless purpose.

Iola had been in the house two weeks before entire consciousness was restored, and then she was so feeble that she was hardly able to walk across the floor.

She would crawl to the window and look out at the gloomy prison-like walls below, and then at the dark wilderness of woods beyond, with a sickening sense of despair that was almost unendurable. What did they intend to do with her? And how could she ever have strength to rouse them in her present prostrate condition of body and mind? It seemed to her that she had been wrapt as in a cloud, and that struggle as she might, she could never extricate herself. The past seemed like some far off dream.

The thought of Castleton Vane as of some one loved and lost in a previous state of existence. She found it impossible to realize the truth, when they told her that she had only been separated from her former friends but a little more than six weeks. She had heard it said by those who had suffered greatly, or had passed through some remarkable phases of existence, that a whole life time of emotion would sometimes appear concentrated in a few hours, and this, she believed, had been the case with her. It appeared to her that every feeling of interest in life had been paralyzed and she felt a singular indifference as to what should be in store for her in the future.

That she had loved Malvern Cushing was with the love of her life, she knew; yet she looked out at the dreary expanse of woods with unmoistened eyes, believing that he had been enticed further into them only to be murdered by the savages,and then would creep back to her bed again, and fall into a heavy sleep.

As her strength returned however, Valeria drew her into discussions which more nearly concerned life, and had finally arrived at conclusions which had secretly added a burden to her spirits.

"She already loves another," she said tenderly to Malvern Cushing, and it will be the very acme of misery to force her with such feelings into a union with any one else."

"Such considerations are not potent reasons I would have for hastening its consummation," he replied with a frown, and a single scintillation of that angry light from his eyes, which always struck her with awe. "You must forget that my object is vengeance—a vengeance which God himself has declared that he would take unto the third and fourth generation—and not only unto the third and fourth generation—but unto the third and fourth generation of every accursed race into the arms of us usurpers and villain as we lives, with loathing and horror on her part, and yet bind her to him with chains that can only be broken by death? No, no, Valeria. My very soul lingers for the fulfillment of this deeply laid scheme, and until it is accomplished, hate must dry up the fountains of my love, that would then flow perennially for you."

On the evening after this conversation Iola appeared suddenly to arouse herself from the comatose state which had seemed to enthrall her senses, and started towards the door, saying that she would go down stairs for a while.

The maid Junietta was the only other occupant of the room, and springing hastily up, she closed the door and locked it before Iola had reached her side, and then faced about to meet the angry glances of the latter, with the most stolid composure.

"Unfasten that door!" cried Iola, imperiously. "The air of this room is suffocating. I must go down."

"Not without permission," replied her attendant firmly. "I must obtain that first before your foot can cross this threshold."

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Iola, stamping her foot sarrily.

"You were put here under my charge."

"Do you mean that I am your prisoner?"

"That is as you choose to regard it."

"I will not submit to this," exclaimed our heroine again. "By what authority do you presume to keep me here?"

"By the authority of my master," was the reply.

"And who is your master, poor slave?" replied Iola with severe irony.

"Malvern Cushing."

This name seemed to restore all her energies, in awakening a long-dormant train of thought. "It was Malvern Cushing in this house?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And have I not seen his wife? Was not the beautiful woman who attended me his wife?" asked Iola eagerly.

"Yes," replied the woman with increasing surprise.

"I will go to her and say that I would like to come down and see her."

"I will obey your request," replied Junietta with a bow. And opening the door just far enough to show her face she left the room, and she went out, taking care to close it again and remove the key with her.

Iola remained standing on the floor, like a somnambulist just awakened from a troubled sleep, until returning footsteps were heard along the corridor without, and this time the door was thrown wide open.

This girl stood the outline of the hires of the host and hostess with whom Iola Dare found herself so unexpectedly quartered.

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE TWO COUSINS.

As Iola arose, in some trepidation to her feet, Malvern Cushing threw open the door, and strode into the room. His wife had but a few steps from the threshold, and as he clasped her in his arms and stooped to imprint a hasty kiss upon her lips, he asked with visible anxiety:

"How is the girl? Does she continue to improve?"

"She is fortunately able to answer for herself," replied Valeria, tenderly. "See, she scarcely looks as though she had had an hour's sickness," and she pointed to Iola.

The handsome brigand colored either with confusion or surprise, and stepped forward with one of his most courtly bows.

"Cousin, mine," he said, in his soft, rich tones, "allow me to congratulate you. If all rumors suffered as little from the tales they would indeed be fortunate, and I believe you have been exceedingly ill."

"I scarcely know whether or not it is a subject for congratulation," answered Iola, wearily. "Under many circumstances death is far preferable to existence."

"Such circumstances are beyond my comprehension," replied Malvern Cushing with a constrained smile. "At least we feel this while we have any degree of prosperity. 'Better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.' But we will not discuss a complex ethical question this evening. I am too much fatigued from bodily exercise, and you from sickness. We have had a most exciting wolf chase, Valeria."

"Ah!" replied his wife with interest. "How I wish I could have been with you."

"We may all go sometime," he said with a momentary cloud upon his brow. "I believe my friend, Mr. Miles Clay, reports you to be a good horsewoman, Miss Dare," he continued, turning to Iola.

"Where is he, and what is my friend doing here?" cried the girl, in a quick, imperious tone. "You will understand that it is an especial favor to be introduced here, when I tell you that even Valeria has never intruded upon me when engaged in exclusively personal affairs. You will not then be liable to any interruption unless of our own seeking." Now, Mr. Cushing, I would like to know what is it that you would say to me?"

"You are wasting time with an idle question," she said, half indignantly, "you know what I would say."

"Forgive me!" he answered with a smile of protest. "A man is never prepared for what a woman may say. When they do speak we sometimes, most always, have some groundwork upon which to build."

"Then I ask at once, if I can proceed on my journey without further delay, if I may see my mother?"

"You may see her to-day if you will," he answered.

"You must know that I will," she cried. "Let me go on to-day—this very hour, let me hold her, poor suffering, persecuted darling in my arms once more, and I will forgive all else. Give me but enough to live upon, be it ever so humbly, with her, and you and your band of robbers may take all the rest."

A gleam of angry light came into his eyes, remembered, she knew next to nothing of his purposes or intentions.

Valeria Cushing aroused her as they returned to the sitting room, with a question addressed to her husband.

"Where are Mr. Whitfield and Miles Clay?" she asked. "I had expected that they would take supper with us."

"No," he replied, glancing furtively at Iola, who was seated on a barrocks, as we call it, to-night. Whitfield will call on my pretty niece in the morning."

"I beg that I may be spared the infliction," said Iola proudly. "I hope with your permission, to be pursuing my journey towards Callville as early on the morrow as I can make ready for the journey. He cannot surely have the audacity with which to see me on the subject to which you referred on the evening of my arrival. If so we may be spared perhaps a mutual anger and annoyance, if you will permit me peremptorily to decline the interview."

"He has confidence that he can reconcile this lover's quarrel," said Malvern Cushing with a momentary cloud upon his brow. "But as I have told you, I will at least decline to discuss the matter this evening. I always avoid business after tea, and endeavor to devote my leisure hours to the companionship of my charming wife. When I see that the piano is still in tune, I will have some more music, Valeria, if you please."

He ushered Iola to a seat and taking one himself at the piano, drew up his sleeves a little and began as though he was fighting a battle with the keys, and drew forth some stormy music, like the rushing of many waters. He was a skilled performer, and seemed as though venting some train of ill humor in this way. When he had kept up this running fire for quite a while, he turned to Valeria, and with a roar and requested a song, while Iola felt herself growing drowsy, like some one who had taken an opiate. At the end of the first song Valeria nodding, and with a half stammering apology she excused herself to her fire.

"I—I am so fatigued," she said, "that I must beg leave to retire, and I hope to be allowed to rise quite early in the morning."

"You may probably go to-morrow," replied the lady of the mansion. "I am sure just as soon as you are strong enough, and will give your consent to do so. My husband had no idea that you would be well enough to come down to-day!"

"Then I will go at once!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I can see him with the utmost necessary. I am well and would see my mother! I have been ill here, and am sorry to have put you to so much trouble. I thank you for your kindness, but must go."

"Pray, pray compose yourself," said Valeria "and try and be content for a while longer. If you observe it is almost sunset, and you would have a day's journey before you. And my husband, and his attendants are not here, nor do I look for them in an hour."

"But tell me," again pleaded Iola, nervously, "that my mother is not here!"

"You will soon be apprised by those who feel less pain in telling you than I should do," replied Valeria sadly, and in the meantime as I see neither the answer nor inclination to enlighten you let us drop the subject if you please, and occupy ourselves with something that may divert your mind. Are you fond of books?"

"Yes," murmured Iola, mournfully. "If it were possible for me to surrender my soul to its charms, as I use to do, I might forget all the sorrows of an ordinary life but only the dark mystery that threatens me and the fate of my best friend in such fearful uncertainty, counted every instant with the thought that he may have been murdered, or may be even now tortured for my sake. Oh, I can neither see nor hear anything else!"

"Was your heart so entirely given to him, my poor child?" asked Valeria, in a tremulous tone. But Iola only uttered a sob, while a crimson flush suffused her cheeks, already wet with tears.

They were suddenly aroused by the tramp of feet outside and an exclamation from Valeria.

"Ah! They have come at last!"

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE TWO COUSINS.

As Iola arose, in some trepidation to her feet, Malvern Cushing threw open the door, and strode into the room. His wife had but a few steps from the threshold, and as he clasped her in his arms and stooped to imprint a hasty kiss upon her lips, he asked with visible anxiety:

"How is the girl? Does she continue to improve?"

"She is fortunately able to answer for herself," replied Valeria, tenderly. "See, she scarcely looks as though she had had an hour's sickness," and she pointed to Iola.

The handsome brigand colored either with confusion or surprise, and stepped forward with one of his most courtly bows.

"Cousin, mine," he said, in his soft, rich tones, "allow me to congratulate you. If all rumors suffered as little from the tales they would indeed be fortunate, and I believe you have been exceedingly ill."

"I scarcely know whether or not it is a subject for congratulation," answered Iola, wearily. "Under many circumstances death is far preferable to existence."

"Such circumstances are beyond my comprehension," replied Malvern Cushing with a constrained smile. "At least we feel this while we have any degree of prosperity. 'Better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.' But we will not discuss a complex ethical question this evening. I am too much fatigued from bodily exercise, and you from sickness. We have had a most exciting wolf chase, Valeria."

"Ah!" replied his wife with interest. "How I wish I could have been with you."

"We may all go sometime," he said with a momentary cloud upon his brow. "I believe my friend, Mr. Miles Clay, reports you to be a good horsewoman, Miss Dare," he continued, turning to Iola.

"Where is he, and what is my friend doing here?" cried the girl, in a quick, imperious

"Mistaken Identity," or Expiation.

I.

[CONTINUED.]

On Tuesday morning a fearful rumor spread through the city of London. Mr George Arundale, the well-known and universally respected partner of Sterling's Bank, had been found murdered on the road to Barking. The dagger with which the crime had been committed had also been found. It was said to bear engraved on the blade the words "Harry Wilder," presumably the name of the murderer. The rumor turned out to be but too true. Poor Arundale had been taking £15,000 to Mr Jones of Barking. This fact must have become known to the murderer, who clearly had way-laid the unhappy victim to snatch this fat prize. The murdered man's purse, watch, studs, rings, breast-pin, snuff-box, and pocket-book with memoranda and letters, were found in bed. Why, indeed, should he who had made so large a haul trouble himself with such a trifle as a few guineas and a few paltry trinkets?

The excitement in the city was immense, and the indignation universal and extreme. Ere long a £1,000 reward was offered in addition to the £500 on the part of the Government with the Mansion House police proceeded to fill and my person or person's implicated in the crime except the actual murderer. Sir Richard Sterling sent for one of the most sagacious of the Bow Street runners of the period. He promised him a £1,000 if he succeeded in unearthing the cowardly assassin, who had stole his most valued and most highly esteemed and beloved friend. Mr. Michael Mackintosh, formerly Mayor of the City of York, into a clandestine engagement with him, and when the aggrieved father had found it out, he had brusquely told him of it, and as he was the head of a penniless suitor, but would go up to Lincoln's Inn by his fortune, and come back with £30,000 at least. This monstrous villain would not have hesitated a moment, of course, to commit murder for the sake of so large a sum as £15,000.

However, the search after Harry Wilder was most eagerly and diligently pursued from the very first day, but without result. Weeks passed and months and years, and large sums of money were spent in the most ingenious and persevering endeavors to trace the murder of George Arundale, yet Wilder could not be found.

The bereaved widow, who with the poor orphan, Sir Robert and Lady Sterling adopted as their own children, joined eagerly and with a fierce animosity in every attempt to trace and capture the murderer Wilder—for that he was the murderer was indisputably and irrefutably fixed in the public mind and conscience. Terrible hatred of women though she was she displayed in this skin to the unfeminine ferocity of the widow and daughter of murdered Abersalt, of Hapsburg. She strove to implant into the ingenious child mind of little Annie Arundale her own cruelty and undivided hatred, and she was fervently praying to the Lord every morning and every night that He would vouchsafe unto her the indescribable joy of seeing Harry Wilder brought to justice at last.

Unhappy Harry Wilder! Wilder, the murderer!

There was only one man in London who kept believe—Wyland, and he was the entire single true hopefully dark and inexplicable. Somebody must have found poor Harry's dagger, and used it to stab the cashier with. But even to England. Heaven be praised that I have ample funds immediately available."

The old man hastily left, and walked rapidly away to the Russell Square. He knocked at the old man's door, and his frame, though somewhat bent, and stooping, seemed still vigorous.

He was so absorbed in thought that he was quite unconscious of the close presence of a dark, shabby fellow, who kept walking by his side, scanning his face with sharpest scrutiny.

When he stopped at the handsome area mounted door of a splendid mansion in the Broadway, this dark figure touched him almost rudely on the arm, and asked him half whisperingly, half impudently, whether he would not do something to relieve an old acquaintance in distress.

The gentleman turned round, and looked at the applicant with some curiosity.

"You labor under a mistake, my good fellow. I do not remember ever having seen you," he said, not unkindly. "But if you need help at my hands, I will not deny it to you, though you are an utter stranger to me. What would you like me to do for you?"

"I want a couple of hundreds in hard cash, Mr. Wilder" (with strong sneering emphasis on the name.) "to begin with, to put new togs and a look a gentleman-like appearance. Will you let them over, Mr. Harry Wilder? Why, surely you cannot have forgotten me, or has your London exploit really driven all recollections of York clearly out of your head?"

The gentleman looked at the insolent claimant with much surprise and some little indignation.

"Sir," he said quietly but sternly, "you mistake, I hope not willfully. My name is Smith. This is my residence and place of business," pointing to the brass plate on the door, which had engraved on it the words, "George Smith, Counting-house." "I emphatically tell you again that you are utterly unknown to me. I never was in York in my life, and I never even heard the name of Wilder. You must be either mad or drunk, or you are in this most effective fashion. If it is want that to obtain your hush, speak to me in a sober manner, and I will see what I can do for you."

But the fellow, his temper evidently slightly ruffled, but quite self-possessed and collected, walked into the counting-house, leaving the stranger supplicant standing in the street, open-mouthed, and seemingly utterly bewildered.

"Well, I never!" he muttered at last to himself, after a long pause of genuine amazement. "I am downright flabbergasted. He is a good card, is Master Harry Wilder; for I knew him again the moment I set my eyes on him, in spite of his white hair and blazer whiskers, and his assumed stoop, and his respectable suit. But now first of another man's voice for his own. The eye of the hatred was sharp. Ah, my friend, perchance must have stood him in good stead you? You shall discover that I am more useful in all his undertakings. Perhaps you are not aware that the Wylands are a collateral branch of the old Belmore family. So after the death of Sir William Belmore, the last Baronet in direct descent, Jonathan came in for the title and the estates about five years ago. Sam Corbet was an old pal of Jonathan, who, it would appear, had made large fortunes on Corbet's estates. The estate having been cut off by Sam's father, Jonathan, finding his old associate in riot and debauchery completely done up, foreclosed, and brought the property to the hammer."

"Well, live and learn, say I. It is astonishing how things turn out. What fast became of Corbet?"

"Went to the utter bad. Mistook another man's name for his own, and put it to another bits of paper. It was lucky for him that he was one Jonathan whom they knew best."

"What strange vicissitudes of fortune to be sure! As regards your advice, my dear Warrington, about the purchase of real estate, I can by no means say that I have much faith in your judgment. I am sorry to say that I cannot agree with you, at least not altogether. Nay I am almost sorry to hear that you bank with the Sterlings. They are one of the oldest houses, no doubt, and one of the most honorable. But I can tell you I heard some suspicious whispers about them just before I left London. I do not know whether you remember how some twenty years ago, George Arundale, the manager of Sterling's bank, was murdered by a villain of the name of Wilder, who somehow must have got wind that poor Arundale was conveying £15,000 to a customer? The poor fellow must indeed have had every reason to suppose that the affair was not a penny could be found after of his own small capital and his wife's dower, which he most likely intended to invest in house property on the occasion of his marriage.

"Yes, I remember all about it and the surprising escape of the murderer and how nobly old Sir Robert and the present Baronet behaved to the poor widow and the orphan child."

"Well, you see, Josaphus, there has been a great many indications since then to show that the Sterlings had throughout found only the capital and left it to the Arundales to supply the brains. George Arundale, the unfortunate man murdered, would seem to have been gifted beyond the common run of clever financiers. Under his skillful, sagacious, and vigorous management the bank's business flourished enormously, and the Sterlings were then said to be worth close upon a million. But if report speaks true many things have gone wrong with them since, and when I left London there was no reply current in Stock Exchange circles simply waiting for Spring, when his only son and heir, Robert Sterling, would come of age, to cut off the entail, that he might raise a large sum of money to pay off some of the debts. Robert Sterling, it appeared, had a magnificent chance a short time ago. There was a Miss Hatchard, sole daughter and heiress to the late Wilfred Hatchard, the Indian nabob, who was willing to bestow upon her future happy banker, with her £800,000 in hard cash, not to mention the famous collection of the Hatchard diamonds. But the young man preferred to remain true to his penniless sweetheart—the pretty little Annie Arundale, poor George's orphan child. But what's the time? Two o'clock, by Jove! I must be off, Compton. You had better reflect seriously upon what I told you just now.

"I am truly obliged to you, Warrington. But I mean to take your advice, old boy. The cholera is knocking at the door, and I shall feasted ship on the line. I'll sail in her. No use to trust to agents in such critical matters."

The two gentlemen left the room and the hotel. When they were gone the old white-haired man, who had so anxiously listened to the latter part of their conversation, rose with pale face and trembling limbs.

"Good God!" he murmured, "the Sterlings embarrassed, perhaps in danger to ruin! Their affairs and position openly canvassed in a public room. Has it indeed come to this, then, with the proud old house? And I prosperous in worldly matters beyond my most sanguine aspirations and boldest conceptions of old! In my anxious determination to keep my solemn vow of expiation, and to work off my account with all that once made life so inexpressibly sweet and dear to me. I had overlooked this dreadful contingency. Providence sends me this warning. The account must be taken up."

"Sir Robert, I guess," said this gentleman, in a somewhat drawing Yankee voice, turning to the Baronet. "And the other gentleman? pointing to the young man.

"My son and partner, Mr. Robert Sterling; you can freely speak before him. Will you kindly inform me now to what I am indebted for the honor of your visit?"

"To this is Mr. Robert Sterling," said the New Yorker, with a strange softening of his voice, gazing intently upon the young banker. "Why bless me, there he sits before me, shrunk himself, cautioning in a quiet, business-like way, "Sir Robert and Mr. Sterling, I am charged with an important commission to you. I've opened it in his pocket-book and handed it a sheet of paper to Sir Robert.

"This is a calculation, Sir Robert, of an investment of £150,000, at 15 per cent, per annum compound interest for twenty years. I have been held as a skillfully conducted financial business, this is by no means an extravagant rate. Do you agree with me, Sir Robert? and will you kindly certify the calculation? Is it correct at £1845,000 in round figures? Is that correct, Sir Robert?"

The Baronet looked at his son and then perplexed. At last he said: "Really, sir, I hope you will excuse me for remarking to you that I am at a loss to apprehend—"

"Why it is easy enough to understand," interrupted the American. All I want you to say is whether you find the calculations correct."

"The calculation is correct enough—in round figures," replied the Baronet, much exercised in his mind, and greatly wondering what this strange preamble was intended to lead to.

"That is all right, then, so far," said the impertinent New Yorker; "then please to count out the money, or the way of notes—the £150,000 in bills of notes," handing a packet of bank notes to the Baronet. "I think you will find the amount correct—£845,000. That is my commission to you. And now I am ready to kindly hand me an acknowledgment in return, stating that you have received of Mr. George Smith, of New York, this slip, and to pay on account money, or by way of notification, the £150,000 which, as per check, you have special reasons not to appear in the affair.

My stay in London is most limited, my dear Sir Robert, and I have still several important engagements to attend to; so without wishing to press you, Sir Robert—"

The Baronet sat bolt upright in his chair as one transfixed with amazement. His right hand, which held the precious parcel, was nervously shaking, and a convulsive twitching might have been observed about his mouth. His son's excitement was hardly less marked than his own. "Gracious heavens!" two hundred and forty-five thousand pounds! more than enough to preserve this noble old fabric in all its pristine lustre! What means it, sir? Some practical joke? What is meant, Sir Robert, I cannot tell you. You are indeed more likely to know than I, who have simply discharged a commission entrusted to me."

"Robert, my dear boy!" cried the Baronet, embracing his son, with grateful tears running down his cheeks unchecked, and totally forgetful chivalry of the presence of a stranger. "Oh, I was all a pair girl! Thank heaven, Sir Robert stretched forth even from his grave to save us from ruin." Here the door was suddenly opened with-out ceremony, and three men rushed into the room, followed by Mrs Arundale and Annie.

Mrs. Arundale retained still rich traces of beauty. Annie looked the sweet image of what her mother must have been in her youth.

"Restitution" cried the lady, almost fiercely.

"Restitution Indeed! Who and what can ever restore to me the light and life of my heart? No! The retribution of her husband's murderer—the scaffold! Do you hear, you blood-stained monster?"

"Take off his spectacles and his false beard and mustache, Mr. Sharp," said the man who had spoken before. "Ay, Harry Wilder, it would have been much wiser in you not to try your hand and your pen at your acquaintances. The American had dropped down on a simple, utterly helpless. He gazed vacantly from one face in the room to another, dwelling longest on Robert's and Annie's. Mr. Sharp, our old acquaintance, proceeded, meanwhile, in a business like manner, to relieve his prisoner of his pocket-book, and to remove the blue spectacles and the false beard and mustache. When this was done a startling change took place almost simultaneously in Mrs. Arundale, the Baronet, and Mrs. Sharp. Mrs. Arundale turned deadly pale. She gazed fixedly upon the prisoner with wide, staring eyes. "Merciful heavens!" she cried, "can the grave give up its dead? George! George! husband whom I have wept for twenty years!" and she dropped senseless on the prison at a feet.

At the sight of the two ladies the American was suddenly seized with a violent fit of trembling. He precipitated from his chair and essayed to rush to the door. But Mrs. Arundale seized him, hurling him back with surprising strength.

"Sir," she cried, "you escape not, murderer of my sainted husband!"

"O mamma, mamma dear! not you—no not you! Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

"Ah, Annie, you did not know your father, so I can forgive you," cried Mrs. Arundale.

"There, Mr. Sharp," said one of the three new comers, "there is your man. This is Harry Wilder, William of York, the murderer of George Arundale, and the thief who stole the bank's £15,000?"

"George Arundale's murderer!" cried the Baronet. "And he has come here to make—restitution! Why, I will not, for or lay it in his power," he added in a tone of deep conscientiousness.

"Yes, to be tracked and trapped like a wild beast," added his son with some bitterness, glancing reproachfully at Mrs Arundale.

Annie and Robert hastened to raise her, and place her in the baronet's arm-chair. "George Arundale's—ay! it is he!" she said, after a brief pause of intense scrutiny. "Yes, it is indeed my old friend George. But how comes all this to pass? I am lost in hopeless conjectures."

Not I," said Mr Sharp. "I see through it all now. George Arundale, I arrest you for the willful murder of Harry Wilder. I had an inkling of the truth at the time, but I dared not give vent to my secret impression." And with the dexterity of an expert in such matters, he clapped a pair of hand-cuffs on George's wrists. You see Mr Sharp was a clever detective, and a great hand at piecing a chance evidence together. A great deal, though, that chief links it is were often simply the forging of his own lively imagination. The words and the act of the officer had an almost stupefying effect upon Mrs. Arundale. She was just recovering from her fainting fit—her daughter, and the two Sterlings.

"Back from the prisoner!" shouted Mr. Sharp authoritatively. "Let no one come near him. Follow me, George Arundale, and you, sir, also" turning to the man who had come to denounce and identify Harry Wilder "your testimony will be required before the magistrate."

George Arundale came mechanically, and with an unresponsible nod, and, despairing glance on all his friends, and departing, himself. "This also is part of my expiation; it is bitter, bitter, but it is only just," prepared to be led away by the officers, when the door opened once more, giving ingress to Josaphus Wyland Belmore. George Arundale was standing immovable, his fettered hands clasped in mute agony and his eyes fixed on vacancy. He was standing right in the centre of the room. The sun had been hidden all the morning behind clouds. Just at this very moment he burst forth in all his splendor, his dazzling beams strangely illumining George Arundale's face and figure. By a mysterious attraction, Sir Jonathan's eyes were irresistibly drawn to this apparition—for so it appeared to him. He had been drinking all night, and had not entirely shaken off the effects.

For one brief instant he stood transfixed with horror. His jaw dropped, every particle of color left his face. "Mercy! mercy!" he shrieked aloud. "Harry Wilder, whom I murdered 20 years ago, soul back from the grave, to warn me that my time has come, and that, my eternal punishment is preparing! Yes, I murdered you—ay, with your own dagger I did it. Better you than I, Master Harry! Ha, ha! I know that that threat went straight home. As you have come for me, to drag me with you to keep you company in the cold grave, I have horrible fear me! I can restore the money in a thousandfold. I am rich, rich, rich! Ha, ha! And your pocketbook, and your watch, and all—all safe, all safe! Mercy! mercy! Harry Wilder, in the name of my mansion in Berkley square. And safe, Harry! You will find it all right. Only have mercy on me! I am not fit to die! Spare me! Oh, spare me!"

The unhappy wretch threw himself down at George Arundale's feet in agony of terrible remorse and fear. Mr. Sharp, without more ado or reflection, gently, almost tenderly, unclasped the handcuffs from George's wrists, and transferred them silently to Sir Jonathan Wyland Belmore.

"I humbly beg your pardon, Mr Arundale. I was misled by appearances."

"Arundale!" muttered Jonathan Wyland, with a half-idiotic stare—"Arundale—not Harry Wilder! Ghastly amount him his eyes lighted upon the man who had come to denounce Harry Wilder, and who was swaying to slip off supervised. "You here too, Samuel Corbet? Come to testify against me, I suppose. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Samuel Corbet!" said the other officer, "the very name I have been after for years. Samuel Corbet, I arrest you for forgery." And he slapped a pair of darbies on his prisoner's wrists with the same dexterity as his colleague.

"By George, George!" sobbed Mrs. Arundale on her husband's shoulder.

"Father, dearest father!" cried Annie, weeping tears of joy to her father's arms.

"Dear old George, friend of my youth!" exclaimed the Baronet, with deep emotion.

Mr Arundale's father, and mine too!" cried Robert Sterling, seizing George Arundale's hand, and pressing his lips reverently to it.

"From the depth of my heart I thank Thee, All-merciful Father in heaven!" murmured George Arundale fervently—then fainted away from excess of emotion.

[THE END.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

ROOT CROPS FOR CATTLE.—Root crops for cattle many profess not to believe in because of the cost of cultivation, and consequently do not grow them. Experience and trade for cattle we believe would be held to be a most economical crop to grow for fattening. By planting on land suitable for sweet swede and mangel, the question of cost would be largely settled. Manure for the land would be saved by the cattle, and should be planted where yet the winter manure is in the land. Sweet swede is larger than the yellow fleshed sort. Turnips are planted later as a rule. Mangolds require a rich soil deeply worked. Carrots delight in the rich sandy soil to admit of tillage.

SALT AS A MANURE.—Salt is found in all soils, in the ashes of all plants, and abundantly supplied by nature to vegetation, so it is no animal life. It acts not only directly as a food to plants, but also indirectly as a solvent. In this latter capacity salt is supposed to be most valuable. It is said to decompose the stone of grain when applied to the soils deficient in lime, and thus to render available the food in the seed crops. Salt should never be applied directly to the plants, but should be sown broadcast on the land and harrowed in previous to sowing or or planting. Try 2 or 3 bushels to the acre. Salt is also valuable for special purposes, as killing grass, cutworms, etc. Its application is undoubtedly profitable. Salt is also a good remedy against to animal sufferers.

HORSES.—The number of horses in the various countries of the European continent is said to be as follows: Russia, 20,000,000; Austria, 8,000,000; Germany, 4,800,000; Great Britain, 2,700,000; France 2,600,000; Ireland, 1,500,000; Spain, 1,000,000; Italy, 1,000,000; belong to Hungary, Italy 647,134; Norway and Sweden, 400,000; Turkey, 365,000; Belgium, 300,000; Holland, 260,000; Switzerland, 240,000; Greece, 200,000; Portugal, 200,000. The number of horses in the United States is estimated at 7,000,000, which is equal to earth 1,000 of the population in 5 to 6; Russia, 284, 10 in America, 12; Denmark, 13; Belgium, 14; Germany, 14.8; in Norway, 16.10; in Great Britain, 21.64 in Holland, 22; in Switzerland, 23; in Spain, 24; in Italy, 30; in Greece, 33; in Portugal, 34. The smaller breeds are found in Germany, 40,725 in France, 44,000 in Italy, 45,000 in Spain, 46,000 in Portugal, 47,000 in Greece, 48,000 in Turkey, 49,000 in Russia, 50,000 in Italy, and the large number in Great Britain.

A WORKMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE COTTON PLANT.—A cable dispatch says: "An remarkable discovery has been made in Egypt by Signor Giacomo Rossi, Austrian Consular Agent at Suakim, on the Red Sea. He has found a cotton plant which is so wonderfully prolific that it only grows a single season, and yet yields 1,000 times the American cotton raising industry. Signor Rossi, who is a botanist of considerable fame, a few years ago, he accidentally came across the above plant. He found it growing in an arid waste opposite in the rich Mendita district, which abounds in date trees and fruit of the finest kind. He determined for the ordinary kind. The plant has a long stem, and each branch transformed into a cotton tree. It bears on an average 500 pods on each tree, while the ordinary cotton plant has about 300. A smaller quantity of seed is needed, but the great value of the plant lies in the fact that it is a perennial under which circumstance the ordering of the crop is rendered unnecessary. The plant grows on the Atlantic coast on along the lower Mississippi it would prove a most valuable acquisition.

KEROSENE FOR SQUASH BUGS.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says in relation to using kerosene for the squash bug: "Several years ago I had a fine lot of Hubbard squash vines growing in my garden. The bugs were there in large yield, when, suddenly, I observed here and there a vine that had begun to wilt, and then two, and then three, and on examination I found them to be full of the bugs. I then procured a can of oil and began using plaster, then ashes, then gas lime, but all to no purpose. I saw I must do something at once for I had no occasion for severe exercise on the morrow.

WORK IN THE APIARY FOR JUNE.—This is the great honey month of the year, and the bees work with a will. Hives should be ready for use at a moment's notice. Boxes should be on hand to meet the demand of proper receptacles to hive them in. Weigh the hives frequently, and when you find a hive well filled with honey, see to it that it is not left to be built by the bees. Many a swarm, very shortly after it has been hived, has been lost by the bees, and the honey, dirty, alive, or they have not time to fill the cells with honey. Remember that the first swarm is the best one to save, as it is the strongest and most likely to do well. Second swarms are usually small, and often worthless. The saving of your time [illegible] money to us, to the saving of the bees' time, honey and brood. Keep the hives shaded by trees or shrubbery, but not too much so, as the condition of the hive is affected by the temperature. Keep the hives well painted, which are locked together, forming a solid mass. Keep the hives level, so that the honey can be taken out with ease, so many persons will lay their hives on the ground, and then wonder why they do not do well. Remember to put on one of the small boxes as soon as the bees begin to work in the second. It will be found to be much easier to put on the boxes than to take off the cover, and

ANNIE NORRITON'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

In a retired street in the pleasant village of Norwood, a score stone dwelling stood, half draped in honeysuckles and prairie roses. This was the delightful home of Mr. Norriton and his young family of boys and girls—seven, all told.

Robert, the eldest son, was in his twentieth year, and Annie, a blooming dark-eyed sprite, had numbered seventeen summers. Then came three boys: Charley, a studious lad, fond of reading Dixie Optic and other authors of the same class, with Robert, still younger, possessed of a flow of animal spirits seldom equaled, who, although much given to getting into trouble, generally managed in some way to escape scot-free.

The younger children were girls: Sally, Nell and little Rosey, all very sweet, very good, and very active—too active the mother often thought.

Mrs. Norriton was the leading spirit of the family, governing the turbulent little ones serenely, with but a silken rein. She was alive to the wants of all unceasingly, and her greatest pleasure consisted in seeing every one happy around her.

It happened that this devoted mother became enfeebled by too much care, and it was thought advisable she should leave home for a time. It was with much reluctance she consented to this arrangement, but at Mr. Norriton insisted that Annie and himself were fully competent to manage the affairs of the house and take care of the children, she at last set out, was without many misgivings, to visit some friends in a distant part of the country.

The first thing Mr. Norriton did after the wife's departure was to summon all the children to his presence, and tell them how necessary it was that they should obey the commands of their sister Annie while she occupied the mother's place, that their record might be good at her return.

He said that he and Hubert would be absent through the day, but he hoped, when they returned in the evening, not only to meet the children neat and clean at the supper table, but also to hear from Annie a good account of them during their absence.

The children were all profuse in their promises, Rob especially. "You know, papa," he said, "I will be glad to do everything just as if mamma was at home. I mean to be very good; you can't think what a nice boy I will be." But Charley simply said, "I'll try," and Mr. Norriton placed more confidence in Charley's quiet words than in all Rob's loud professions. "Rob will be good," he said, "as long as he remembers, but when he gets out among the boys he is sure to forget. He'll forget everything, even to the time for his dinner or supper."

Rob was a handsome boy, with a splendid pair of hazel eyes, that were always dancing with fun and frolic. He was a great favorite with his play-fellows and not given to quarreling. So long as there was fair play, Rob was all right, but if any one attempted to impose on him, his touch was up in a minute. He was a sturdy little fellow, able to take his own part, which he did most effectually, and the boys respected him all the more for it. Charley, the elder by two years, loved him as a brother. Rob, but he divided his leisure time between success in the open air, and a cosy corner in the library, where stood a fine large easy-chair, and by its side, on a small table, a number of books piled up, full of strange characters, fully understood by this boy and highly prized by him.

Rosey glided along smoothly enough for some days. Annie emulated her mother in her gentle rule. Nell and Rosey, hungry little mortals, were supplied, on demand, with bread and sugar at libitum, and allowed to play wherever their fancy led them, so they were out of danger. "Poor little things," Annie thought, "without mamma to care for them, it is little enough to let them have their own will while she is away."

Rob, owing to Charley's reminders, always had perfect lessons at school, and was absolutely astonished at his own good conduct. "I do believe I am really going to keep my promise to papa," he thought, as he went along to school one morning, feeling quite happy at the prospect, when he was hailed by Harry Wilson with, "Halloa! old fellow," and he ran across the street to join him.

"Are you going to the common to see the base ball match, this afternoon?" asked Harry.

"I did not think of it, replied Rob, "are you going?"

"Certainly, I am. I would not miss it for anything. The Blue Stockings will be sure to beat, every body says so."

"What time does it commence?" asked Rob, beginning to feel very much as if he would like to go.

"At two o'clock. If school only closed at half-past one instead of two, we would have plenty of time to get there. However, it wont take long to go."

"Pity," said Rob; "not if we ran for it," now feeling unable to resist the temptation. "I bet the Nine will beat; they have been practicing ever so long for this very match. I'm awful glad I met you, Harry, I'll be all the fun, forgetting his promises to his father.

As soon as the boys were dismissed from school, they rushed to the common without a moment's delay, so eager for the success of the Blue Stockings as if they were prominent members of the club. They seized themselves on a high fence, from which they could sweep the whole field with their eyes.

"By gracious!" said Harry. "Wow's at we fortunate to get such a good place; and was no late too."

But the boys changed their minds about their good fortune, when the affair ended in a free fight, and they found themselves in the midst of it, unable to extricate themselves from the fierce fray. They were in the midst of it, and received a blow on his cheek, intended for another, which felled him to the ground. Harry stood by him manfully, and managed to get him out of the crowd, when fortunately a gentleman succeeded in freeing them from their perilous position.

With a sorrowful heart, Rob bent his steps homeward, his clothes torn, his face swelled and bleeding, and a great black ring about his eye, which was almost closed.

Annie had been much annoyed at Rob's non-appearance at school, but she was really frightened when he came home. Rosey had missed her sister during the day, Nell had fallen asleep, and now here was Rob in a pecuniarly disagreeable condition. She hurried him into his chamber, bathed his face, gave him a bath and clean clothes, and promised to intercede with his father in his behalf. So the wretched boy escaped.

By this time Mr. Norriton and Hubert had arrived, supper was on the table, and the bell was ringing. The family assembled in the dining-room. Poor little Rosey made a sorry appearance with a patch upon her shrinking face, Nell had a hand bound up, and, to complete the picture, Rob was there with his discolored eye.

"What in the world ails all the children?" said Mr. Norriton, with a start of surprise. "Why, Rob, is that you? Where on earth did you get that black eye?"

Rob hung down his head, while little Rosey called out: "Bobby's been to see the ball match!" Everyone laughed, while Mr. Norriton said: "We must all pass our years' noses, little lady!" Rosey placed her hand on the wounded member, while tears came into her eyes. "Nelly hit me with her head," she cried; then in a smile came through the tears as she continued: "But she couldn't help it, she slipped down the bannisters, and that was good for her!"

The supper was served up nicely, and, notwithstanding the shadows around the board was partaken of heartily.

"I hope, papa," said Annie, when the meal was ended, and she related the whole of Rob's troubles to her father, "that you will not punish the children, when I'm already punished enough and I promised him your forgiveness."

So the boy escaped this time with a good scolding. The worst of it was he was unfit to go out in the evening, and Annie had another matter quiet to care for.

There was a fine garden surrounding the house, full of beautiful flowers and shady trees; there the children were fond of playing, and Sally often took them to an arbor, shaded with clinging vines, and amused them there with their dolls; but Sally could not be depended on. She was fond of visiting the neighbors, and when she could get an opportunity she stole slyly away, leaving the children to their own devices.

Now, Mrs. Norriton was very fond of her garden, and passed many an hour there training up the plants. Rosey and Nell remembering this, thought one day, when Sally had deserted them as usual, that they would like to do some gardening also, and they plucked everything they could lay their hands on. Onions from the kitchen, and beans which they procured by ripping open Sally's bean bag, corn that Charley fed his pigeons with, pumpkin seeds that they found in a table drawer, and pennies, expecting to see them grow into trees bearing pecuniarily. There was rockweed on a plot of grass which they took a notion should go to the arbor, and it was not until they had carried away all the lesser stones, that their work was discovered.

Charley, not satisfied with his application during school hours, was studying all his leisure time away in the library. This fretted Annie, and she begged him to take more exercise.

He said he would, and went out a few times, then gave it up and seclothed himself as before.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1877.

The past week has been one of exceeding quiet in a social point of view. Every one whose business or pleasure will permit, has departed or is preparing to depart to what they fondly hope will be a cooler climate. May they not be disappointed, as the utter roasters hopelessly upon several similar occasions.

The President and Mrs. Hayes go shortly to the Soldiers' Home for the summer. The house which Lincoln occupied there is being fitted up for them. The Soldiers' House is beautifully located on a ridge of land whose elevation is about equal to that of the top of the Capitol. The grounds are extensive and laid out with great care. They constitute the favorite drive of most persons compelled to remain in town during the heated term. The house itself looks as if it might be the country residence of some English nobleman. It is built of undressed white stone, with a tower, the view from which is nothing less than enchanting. A stretch of green meadow, the cities of Washington and Georgetown, the Potomac and, in the far distance, the purple tinted Heights of Arlington, all combine to make a picture not soon forgotten. President Hayes is to be remembered for taking up his habitation for the warm weather so near the Capitol. Visitors from all parts of the United States who are in the habit of calling upon the Executive, will be much gratified at not having to go so far to find him, and also have business before the Departments, will find this arrangement much more convenient than to trip to Long Branch or Northern watering place.

The aristocratic Methodists of the Metropolitan Church were much chagrined on learning that the President's family intended to worship at the unpretending Foundry. Mrs. Hayes, when asked their reason for doing so, replied that they preferred walking to church, and that the distance to the Metropolitan was an objection.

Strawberry festivals are of course in order at present. Scarce a church in the city but has had, or expects to have one ere the season is over. The festival at the Foundry was a decided success. On Thursday a concert was given in connection with it. Gen. Camp, Miss Hayes and Mr. Ewer sang with their usual sweetness and power. Friday night a literary entertainment took the place of the concert. Among the speakers were Miss Anna Shaw and Messrs. Hayes and Tweedale. The parlors of the church were handsomely decorated, many of the flowers coming from the White House. The President and Mrs. Hayes, Commissioner Raum and a number of other prominent people attended.

Writing of flowers reminds me of something Mrs. Grant did. Strangers visiting the Metropolitan church throughout the last administration always remarked upon the exquisite bouquets placed on either side of the pulpit. Few knew they were the offering of Mrs. Grant, sent by her regularly every Sunday from the conservatory of the White House. If she was out of town the gardener invariably received a note from her telling him they were to be sent as usual in her absence. It was only a "little thing," but Mrs. Grant has occasionally done "little things" so modestly that her memory is endeared to many a lowly heart here.

The clerks at the Treasury are all shaking in their official shoes. Such of them as have relatives in the Department are wishing most devoutly said kith and kin in Jericho, or some other locality far removed from the searching eyes of Secretary Sherman, who, it is reported, is going to carry out strictly the resolution that "no two from the same family shall be retained." Accordingly a number of employees who had relatives in the office were transferred to a different branch of the Government service.

By the way, there is a lady clerk in the Treasury who is her own "influence," that is she fought in mem's clothes as a common soldier through the war. We presume she accomplished her object in the manner. At any rate she is quiet and as little in her appearance and did not strike me as looking strong minded or masculine. At the close of the war she obtained her present position and has kept it on her own merit ever since.

Miss Bogle is not the only young lady with a future predicted for her, in this goodly town. This time the aspirant for theatrical fame is a little child of six. Miss Eva Henderson, who has been giving recitations with great applause. Mrs. Henderson had a benefit at Ford's Opera House, at which Miss Hall, her rendition of Prince Arthur was wonderful, and wrung tears from many eyes.

The many friends of Miss Zalsler Jones are glad to welcome her back to town after a long night. She met her fate like voice. She has been under the care of Dr. Gunnell, who has won a warm affection of the girl. We are happy to say her sight is much improved, and the gradual wear of blindness, which has which darkened her brilliant prospects for a time, is quite checked.

The highest honors of the graduating class of Columbia College were awarded to Miss Jessie by Mr. Theodore Noyes, the promising son of the editor of the Evening Star.

On Thursday the graves of Confederate soldiers were decorated by Southern sympathizers at Arlington, at Arlington. It is a significant fact that the body of Gen. Lee, whose grave was covered with flowers. It is one of the best signs of the new century that the war has left no sting, and that people are to be fading out.

But this letter grows too long, so as the famous divine, Dr. Newman would say, "I will relieve your patience."

A Lover's Sad Mistake.

Young Jerry McCarthy, of Paterson, N. J., courted Miss Seibert. Evidently he had rosy love romances, for he fashioned the examples of many of the heroes of fiction, and stole the handkerchief of his lady-love—or one he supposed was hers. He stole it, and thereby lost her it was his prospective mother-in-law's handkerchief, the owner of which, like many of us, had been "up to snuff" in how cash in one corner. Upon learning his sweetheart's loss of this bit of sentimental luxury, young McCarthy went on a spree, and became oblivious of both the young lady and her handkerchief. In the mean time Mrs. Seibert discovered her loss, and suspecting who was the thief, caused McCarthy's arrest. It was not until the youthful prisoner stood within the presence of the Court that he comprehended his mistake. Then he drew the fatal bit of linen, with the old lady's darnings still banded within it, from his pocket, and abjectly handed it to the Court. He was then discharged.

SERENADING THE WRONG PARTY.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Al. Claude Culpepper came down from Dayton Wednesday evening with an intention. During the bright Lexington of youth he had met a Day-ton miller's daughter, and had fallen in love with her. Al. Culpepper's intention in coming to Cincinnati was to persuade his love, Sa, gaily-ton, to marry him that evening. He arrived in the city with a number of his cheerful friends, and Wednesday evening for the house of his heart's ideal. It was about twelve o'clock when the boys anchored under the window of what Al. Claude believed was the sheltering fold of his dear bosom. He struck a banjo, and 100 lb. contributing the bosom, and it was John Sanscript's humble abode that was about to be serenaded with the tenderest of love sentiments. It is one of those misanthropic men who never seem to recognize a favor when they meet one, and when he was awakened from his slumbers by Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" and a few other such tunes, two ten loaves and four keys, he was, to draw it mild, ruffled in his temper. Mrs. Sanscript heard the banjo, and whispered, "Those are students." "I'll serenade them," snarled John, getting up, opening the blinds slyly and looking down upon the choristers below.

"What in the name of the Numidian lion are you going to do, Sanscript?" asked Mrs. S., rather uneasily.

"Just you wait and see," said he, gathering up an armful of boots and laying them down handy near the window.

Just then the boys turned upon

Thou artsie none and yet so fir.

"Not so far as you imagine," snarled Sanscript, as she dumped the coal from the scuttle conveniently near the window. Then he tugged the brimming slop bucket across the room and added it to his armory, just as the gay gamboliers re-itched off into

Thou art gone from my gift

But lost taste to behind her.

"The sometimes finds her father does that pleasant duty," muttered the desperate man. The boys were singing a medley, and while Sanscript was gathering in the tongs and shovels they began to warble,

My heart is broke, God knows it!

"And you'll have it will be the same condition when I get through with you," panted the avenger. Then he added the Bible and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the pile of missiles by the window at the very moment there floated up from below,

I shall never forget the day!

"Now will you ever forget the night when you came to serenade my wife home," smiled the old man, preparing for the oil can.

Oh, my heart is gone.

sang the boys under the window.

"See if you can't help me piling up those bricks from the fireplace you'd follow your heart mighty d—"

Thou art sleeping, my love,

Thou art sleeping.

chimed the quartette.

"I'll be — if I am," declared Sanscript, as he scooped up the hair brushes and toilet set from the bureau. "I'll be if I am," declared Sanscript, as he scooped up the hair brushes and toilet set from the bureau. While he was toting the ottoman across the room the boys pitched into

Don't forget your little darling.

"Oh, I'll never forget you, never fear, and you won't forget me either after I'm through with you."

Open the window, my sweet one,

sang the choristers.

"Damme if I don't," grinned Sanscript, as he added a handful of ashes to the pile of destruction by the window.

Come, Birdie, come—

"I'm coming, you yelping hounds," yelled the old man, as the bricks left the heat out of the window. It took him only ten seconds of grand opera time to pitch them, shovel, tongs, brushes, books, toilet sets, ottoman, slops, ashes, and all upon the heads of the horror-stricken serenaders below. Before the quartet realized the situation the storm was over. They all survived, but were unanimously demoralized. And when a voice came from above, articulating in the key of *f* the one word "git" they got.

PHILADELPHIA'S REVENGE.

The Chicago Tribune supplies this: There is at present a considerable terror and affliction in the rural inhabitants of the Northwest at the prospect of their relations in Philadelphia coming to visit them, and great revenging themselves for the Centennial upon them, and numerous innocent and friendly farmers have been escorted to, with, it must be said, very indifferent success. One old man at Waukesha tried to head off a threatened irruption of sisters and cousins by the meagerness statement that his house was but two rooms deep, and he still his family compelled to take refuge in the barn. Did this succeed? You bet it didn't. His affectionate sister wrote to him that it must be perfectly lovely, just like a picnic, to sleep on the new-mown hay, and listen to the merry songs of the reaping machine boys, and drink new cream milk fresh from the hen, and that their love would sweeten and smooth over all minor discomforts, and for him to meet them on Monday, the 18th, at the afternoon express, and bring two hay-carts for their luggage. And now the poor man does not know whether to sell his farm at a sacrifice and slip out to the uttermost parts of the earth, the Black Hills or St. Louis, or some other howling wilderness, or to put some ties on the track and trust to Providence. A settler from Farmer at Paw Paw, Mich., telegraphed to his brother-in-law on Friday:

"Small-pox here; come. Children had better delay their visit."

Within two hours (how wonderful is the progress of modern civilization!) he received an answer to say:

"We have all had it or been vaccinated. Left by 4:45 train to-day."

And that honest farmer has doubts in his mind as to Providence, and is in a state of bewilderment all this present week. Another, at Ligonier, Ind., sent on word that he would be happy to receive his respected relatives, but the past winter had been a very hard one; his cows had died of the pip; the grasshoppers had eat up all the apple trees; he had cut his thumb while shingling his barn, and been laid up ten weeks and into days, and that he had been unable to lift the mortgage on his little homestead. In this strait he had thought of taking some money from the family fund, and family from Minneapolis had as good as promised to come and spend the summer.

But for this he would have been glad to receive his relatives, but another time he hoped they would be able to return the many favors heaped upon him and his. But this did not save him, for the Philadelphians made answer by saying that they had had all that they had a mind to, and that they had as well as they was very hard to get summer boarders at any price, and that they would go on anyhow, and if their esteemed relative had an offer from Minneapolis, and wished them to do so, they would pay their own board, and only $1.75 or $2 a week, which would be enough in all conscience, seeing that it cost them nothing for their milk, vegetables, fruit and eggs.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A nice little story is that which shows how the imagination is sometimes wrought to such a degree as to cause unnecessary alarm and painful suffering to those around. On Saturday, Monday, May 15th, the day of discovery of the unknown man floating near Leatherbee's wharf, Dennis Wilmington, who was then connected with the Hall Tricadic Works, Eustis street, was boarding with his uncle, Jacob Spofford, in Peterboro, N. H. The finder was found at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the excitement prevailing in the village soon reached the ears of the boarders. Another boarder heard of the finding of the body he became possessed with the idea that it was that of his friend Wilmington, and hurried to the telegraph office to inform him of the result, but he was not to Boston. Still he was not satisfied, so he sought the parties with whom Wilmington had boarded. From the description of the man or his clothing if it was Spofford, they thought, one thing particularly that they remembered being a hickory pipe. The briar-wood pipe found on the body of the unknown man could not be known, although it looked like his, they could not "positively identify" it, as Spofford's pipe had a covering. Possibly the covering had been lost, or stolen by the murderer. Why not? The mystery was growing deeper. Mr. Spofford called on the following morning to consult Captain Small, of Police Station 4, when the result of the investigations was made known. William Spofford (the nephew) was alive and well in Peterboro, where he had been all the time, according to the despatch which Captain Small presented to Mr. Spofford.

A LENATION OF THE RAMPAGE.

The New York Telegram, Saturday 9th, says: A workingman was noticed this morning acting in a pardonable manner near the Hoboken Ferry by police officer Patrick Hammond. He asked the man what he was doing, and he replied in an unintelligible manner. There's a blood over me. I come from Hackettstown, and I with my wife and child, and ran away from them on the sidewalk. I can't say where." The officer then asked him where he spent the previous night, and he replied, "Walking around the sidewalk." He said this living up his hand in a delirious manner. Officer Hammond then took the man to the police station, where he was locked up. The officer subsequently found out from Brakeman H. Manning, of the Hackettstown mail train, when it arrived in the Hoboken depot who the man was—namely, Martin Bowlin, a railroad laborer. Manning thereupon telegraphed to Hackettstown to the wife of the lunatic, asking if her husband was home. She answered no, and that she had been looking for him for three days, and had telegraphed to New York authorities on the subject.

Police Captain Donovan then instructed officer Hammond to take him to the depot to go out to Hackettstown by the first train. Before arriving at the depot the officer asked Bowlin if he would like a lunch, and bought him one. The lunatic replied that he would, and it was given him. He then asked for beer, but was given water. At this he threw his coat down, gave a few Comanche yells, seized a big club, and was about leaping Mr. Tuddikan, the proprietor of the Sinclair House, professing his attack with "I'm going to make short work round here anyhow."

Officer Hammond gently but firmly got the club away from the maniac, and persuaded him to come, which he did. Some beer and plenty of it was to be found. This struck the lunatic as a happy thought, and they started up Washington street toward the police station. When at that place Hammond told his prisoner that he must lock him up again. The lunatic protested, and as soon as he was in his cell commenced smashing the windows of his cell. He then broke up the plank bunk with a piece of wood, and prayed to the Lord to deliver him from his cruel enemies, the Hoboken police force. He will be taken home to Hackettstown by the half-past five train.

—It is rumored that Wagner is coming to America, and one of our musical amateurs has engaged roomers on the flute and accordeon to play in the rooms, while a newly organized brass band plays below. He wants to get used to it.

Treatment of Spavin in Horses.

From the Ohio Farmer.

Horrors of Farming: The enquiry is often made in our Agricultural and Family Journals concerning a remedy for spavin. We have tried many remedies among horses, owning in a great measure, to carelessness of letting a strain or hard drawing or continued over-work, and the want of some reliable remedy for the same, we have tried Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure, and the virtue of the animal instantly relieved. Dr. B. J. Kendall, of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., some time since, is treating a horse for spavin in the worst manner by blistering, following the application with another scratch accompanied with pain, and apparently no relief. We have supplied to the owner of the horse a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and at little expense, and must be the means of saving a large amount of money to the owner of the horse in the country. E. B. TOWLE.

Probably no one preparation has received so much praise from the purchasers as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer! We but echo the voice of the millions who have used it when we say positively that the best *Hair Dressing in the world*. It restores the hair to its original color, stops all dandruff, and makes it grow luxuriantly. Sold by all druggists. Beware of the many worthless imitations. Ask for Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Depot 114 Nashua street, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

Prescott's Cologne received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition. It is filled in elegant bottles, glass stoppers, and is sold by druggists generally, and is for sale by all first-class grocers and druggists.

We have examined the goods sent out by the National Silver Plating Co., and find them as represented in their advertisement.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

A Wonderful Discovery! It cures spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, sweeny, lameness, and all kinds of suffering the natural growth of hair. It also removes bunches from cattle. Send for circular. Price $1 per bottle and a quarter for a circular, or send stamps to cover expenses. Dr. B. J. KENDALL, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

C. B. Smith & Co., New York; Conard & Day & Co., Philadelphia; Hall & Ruckel, New York; Lombard, Strong, Cate & Co., Cincinnati; Chas. James W. Mack, Cincinnati; Wm. Ware & Co., Detroit; Wm. Ware & Sons, Buffalo; Wm. Ware, Sons & Co., Chicago; Hall, Ruckel & Co., Boston; Mass.; Geo. Goodfellow, Portland, Me.; Goodfellow & Eddy, Minneapolis, Minn.; Goodfellow, Eddy & Co., St. Paul, Minn.; Goodfellow, Eddy & Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba; Goodfellow, Eddy & Co., Brandon, Manitoba; Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.; Geo. N. Newhall & Co., Burlington, Vt.; Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, Mass.; H. Woodward & Hill, Albany, N. Y.; A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; Arnold, Constable & Co., New York; N. Y. E. Allen & Co., Providence, R. I.; J. S. Lockard, Providence, R. I.; W. Lockwood & Co., Providence, R. I.

SEA GROVE,

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J.

The marvelous resort of two years' growth now contains THREE FINE HOTELS (two ocean fronts), with numerous cottages and boarding houses. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Fine bathing. Grand Ocean Pavilion. Shooting, fishing, sailing, etc. Ocean Breeze Ferry to Cape May. Rail and Cold Spring Ferry. Send for circular and all information. Sea Grove places a score of years old. No liquor sold on the grounds.

Board at Hotels $2.50 to $3 per Day.

LOWER RATES PER WEEK.

Reached by the WEST JERSEY RAILROAD foot of Market street.

Lots For Sale Low.

ALSO,

A FEW COTTAGES.

All having good dry cellars. Address,

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Ocean House, W. H. Barrington, Proprietor.

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Central House, R. R. Swain, Proprietor.

FUN If you are a lover of fun and amusement send 10 cents for it and if the fun don't make you laugh at the fun for a small amount of money. E. S. HUFF, 56 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE TRUANT BOYS. A MORE Ingenious picture than the Tadpole. Sent free to any address. C. ALBERT, Buffalo, N. Y.

40 FINELY PRINTED VISITING Cards, with your name on them, and no two alike, sent by return mail for only 10cts. Stamps taken. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, Box 28, Printerville, Middlesex Co., N. J.

PECULIAR BOOKS FREE.—Send your address and that of a friend to Lock box, 49 Phila., Pa.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED. NO Medicine. Book free. WOODS & CO., Marshall, Mich.

CHROMO IN GILT FRAME FREE Send 3 10 cent stamps for 3 months subscription to the Ladies' Fireside Companion, and receive this paper and chromo free. Address, FIRESIDE COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp Etc., with name on 10c. 13 packs $1. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

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Every Goat Should Have One!
Every Chicken Should Have One!
Every Duck Should Have One!
Every Goose Should Have One!
Every Turkey Should Have One!
Every Rooster Should Have One!
Every Hen Should Have One!
Every Cock Should Have One!
Every Bull Should Have One!
Every Ox Should Have One!
Every Calf

A Bank Robbery.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

In the splendid city of Paris there stood a very fantastic lump of architecture, made up of carved gables and quaint projections—an antique building of the time of Francis I. (which was considerably out of date), that was both a restaurant. It was then called the "Three Geese," and bore the triple effigy of that dull bird on a gilt sign which swung in front of the door for many and many a year.

Though the glory of this caricature of a house was converted into a kind of saving vault, and superintended by a company who fattened monetary deposits of the poor people of the third branch. The old sign was obliterated, the walls were freshened, and the spirit of modern enterprise took possession of the place. It became known as the "Security Society for the Poor." The old restaurant ruins became fossilized into a veritable office; desks and bank cases and fire-proof safes, supplanted the old tables and cupboards.

In the upper story a double wall of stone was built, and a door fashioned therein, and a padlock of irresistible steel attached, while over the inscription, "Geese kept here," was placed the powerful figure of a fierce mastiff and burly Frenchman, armed with pistol an' cud gel, long keen knife and hoary, old fashioned sword. A vast treasure was there, not only in coin, but in jewelry, rings, crosses, etc.

One Monsieur Ledue was cashier, president and general manager in this establishment. There was no one else who took charge of the superintendence of the place except Mr. Ledue, who had made choice of three clerks, who occupied very showy desks in the room below. This room was very splendidly decorated, frescoed and gilded, and hung with paintings, and the full enigmatical character of the genius of taste and of fancy which characterized the rest of the room. The establishment was evidently a paying affair, to judge from its appointments.

It will be observed from that time four clerks had nothing whatever to do with the circumstance which follows. They were good-natured dandies and good accountants; that is as much as we ought to say respecting them. They had no nonchalant, too sharp and thin blooded to be dishonest. So the reader will please let us nowbelcome suspicious rat on the four stupid scriveners.

One morning Monsieur Ledue was observed to have come into the bank very mostly in dished, tartare, grave; to have kept aloof from his clerks, shut himself up in his private office, and smoked more than usual. At ten o'clock, in the very midst of business, entered four splendid gentlemen, who inquired of the clerks for the cashier, and were shown into his office. Nothing unusual was observed, except that Monsieur Ledue took his four friends in a kind of inspection up stairs, and that they came back again highly pleased, went into the office, smoked, and left. The cashier then was seen to bury himself very deeply in his accounts, and left at about the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon, his usual hour of departure. The staged clerks, according to their testimony taken afterwards, declared that the conclusion that they had not seen anything unusual; had not taken notice of any inconsistency in the tenor of the bank.

However, it is discovered that day, that all the bullion and paper, amounting to nearly five hundred thousand dollars of American currency, had been extracted from the vault. The cashier's private opinion was not interfered with. Maurice, the armed watchman of the vault, testified subsequently that Mr. Ledue came up on the day mentioned with four gentlemen, and he heard Ledue say to them, "We will take a look at the vault now, for they are very complete." Then," says Maurice, "he opened the lock with his key, went in with his friends, stayed some time there, emerged and locked the door, and spoke to the watchman as he did so: 'Be very careful the daytime is worse than the night.' Then they went down stairs. The next day after Ledue had visited the vault with his friends, he said, he came into the bank, walked into his office and calling one of the firm to him, expressing surprise at the state of his papers and books, said "Who has been here?"

"No one beside yourself, sir" said the clerk laughing.

Ledue then looking somewhat perplexed, looked at his own accounts, and during the business of the bank was busy in study with the book of the vault account in his hand. In a hurried he came rushing into the office with new Press in frenzy, exclaiming. My God, we are robbed!" or gone, Monsieur!"

The stupid clerks seemed endowed with endless life, for they opened their eyes and stared and scratched their heads and shrugged their shoulders. Monsieur Ledue was in a state of excitement in the midst of a growing crowd of depositors and outsiders, who were becoming more and more clamorous every moment. "Robbed!" cried one. "Impossible!" cried another. Then Ledue sank down on the floor overcome. He fainted and policemen came instantly to the spot. "How did it happen?" everybody cried. Ledue became mad with rage and consternation. "Diable! I am betrayed by my clerks from, and Maurice too!"

"By God, I am not! everything is lost—"

"Ah!" said Maurice calmly, "I was obedient to you in everything, and watched the vault admirably after your advice yesterday. I saw no one except you and your friends."

"Explain!" exclaimed Ledue starting, the cold sweat breaking out on his brow.

"What! Yesterday! You and your four friends! Do you forget Yesterday?" cried Ledue. "Come, come, you are joking. Enough! I was away from home yesterday. Depositors are clamoring for me. Go attending to a clerk to conduct business. Diable, you have all the money in your own hands. Send the depositors away, and find the thief of the counterfeit rascal

[illegible] HAIR."

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]